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BERKSHIRE COUNTY . . .

Land
Waters
Climate
Minerals
Plants

Animals
Occupations
Government
Literature
History

PITTSFIELD
PUBLIC
SCHOOLS . . .

1904





This outline was compiled nine or ten years ago by the teachers of Grade IV., at the suggestion of the Superintendent and in co-operation with him, and was for some years available thru mimeograph copies in the hands of the teachers. In 1901, it was printed for the use of the pupils. In the revision for printing, numerous changes were made in the text and many illustrative extracts were added. In the present edition some further revisions have been made.

As expressed in the annual report of 1894, the motive is three-fold:

"1. To train the pupils to observe and think, and to express their thoughts freely and correctly, both orally and in writing.

2. To give local and practical illustrations of geographical terms and ideas, thus building the information and culture work of the first three years into a foundation for broader knowledge.

3. To give the pupils such a knowledge of their own home as we expect them to get later of the whole world, that it may be both an inspiration and an illustration to them in their further study."

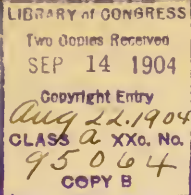
It is believed, also, that patriotism has its roots in the love of home. The more the children of Pittsfield and Berkshire County know of the great men, the great thoughts, and the great deeds that have had their origin here, the stronger will be the ties that bind them to these hills, the more earnestly and resolutely will they promote and defend the interests that center here.

Among those from whom valuable suggestions have been received are Mr. Joseph Ward Lewis, Mr. Rollin H. Cooke, Rev. C. J. Palmer, Mr. H. H. Ballard, Mr. Robert C. Rockwell, and Mr. W. G. Harding. For the use of a number of the illustrations thanks are due to Messrs. Plumb and Clark, Col. W. H. Phillips, The Sun Printing Company, The Eagle Publishing Company, Williams College, Rand, McNally and Company, and to Houghton, Mifflin and Company, sole authorized publishers of the works of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Only the portions in larger type are required. It is hoped, however, that the portions in smaller type are of sufficient interest to secure attention and appreciation.

By the courtesy of the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, the pupils of Grade IV. are supplied with its excellent map of Berkshire County.





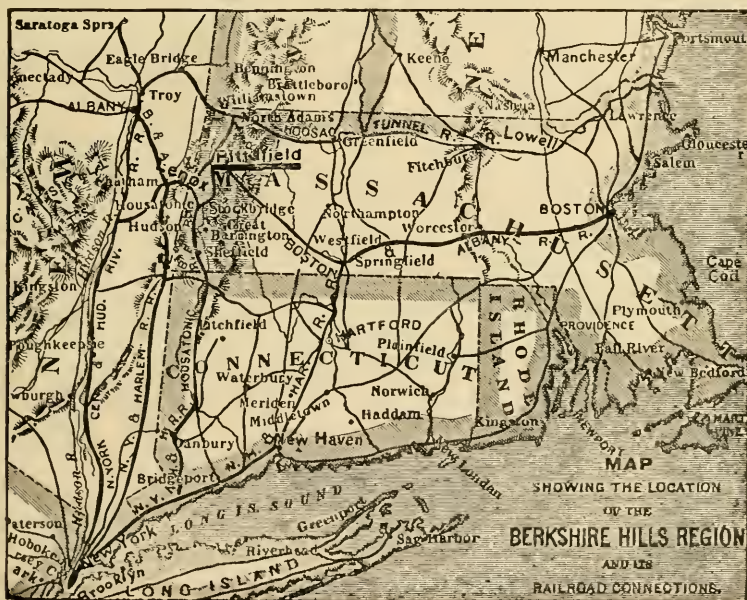
BERKSHIRE COUNTY.

Copyright, 1904.
By EUGENE BOUTON.

I.

LAND.

Berkshire is the extreme western county of the state of Massachusetts. It is bounded on the north for fourteen miles by Bennington County in the state of Vermont and for about four miles by the town of Monroe, which belongs to Franklin County, Mass. The counties of Franklin, Hampshire, and Hampden lie next east of Berkshire, the dividing line being somewhat irregular. The southern line of the county runs for about twenty-four miles along the northern boundary of Litchfield County, in the state of Connecticut. The western boundary of the state and county, dividing them from the state of New York, is about fifty miles long. The average breadth of the county is about twenty miles. Its area is about 950 square miles.





The Mountains of this section have a regular increase of elevation from a height of about 900 feet in Connecticut to over 3,500 feet in northern Massachusetts. Here Greylock, the highest mountain in the state, lifts its majestic head to a height of 3,505 feet.* The great Berkshire valley, tho divided and subdivided, is enclosed within mountain walls which make it one. This valley, with its adjoining hillsides and mountain tops, includes most of the county.

The Mountain Range on the East is the Hoosac. It has been made famous by the Hoosac Tunnel. This tunnel is bored thru the base of one of the highest parts of the mountain in a straight line four and three-fourths miles long. About half way thru the tunnel there is a ventilating shaft more than 1,000 feet high leading to the surface.

The Taconic Mountains are on the west and form a narrow range, which begins on the north at the Hoosac River valley and runs into hills in Connecticut on the south. Between the Hoosac range and the Taconic range lie two or three separate groups. The Greylock group, lying between the central and the extreme northern parts of the county, is the most important. It extends for several miles north-south and east-west. Another narrower group, or range, extends from Pittsfield to Great Barrington along the western line of Lenox and Stockbridge.

The Taconic Range and the Hoosac Range constitute the greatest source of Berkshire's beauty. These ranges form a valley from five to ten miles wide. The broad valley is made up of many smaller valleys lying between spurs of the main mountain ranges and groups.

The Berkshire Hills are Famous for their beauty. Which-ever way one looks, the mountains form a background. One of the finest backgrounds is made by the Taconics in the southwest corner of the county. Here, in the town of Mt. Washington, the Dome, also called Mt. Everett, rises to a height of 2,624 feet above the level of the sea.

* Saddle Ball, another peak of the Greylock group, is 3,300 feet high. Berlin Mountain on the line between Williamstown and New York, and several points in the northern part of the town of Florida, are 2,800 feet high.

Saddle Ball. Greylock.



THE GREYLOCK GROUP.

(Looking from South Mountain northward over Pittsfield.)

Our mountains, wood-crowned, cheer the gazing eye,—
 Whence bursting rills in constant murmurs flow:
 Health vigorous walks beneath th' untainted sky,
 And peace and joy our heaven-bless'd dwellings know.

* * * * *

Old Greylock at the north uplifts his head,
 And kindly looks on Learning's vale below;
 And southward, Washington, of bulk outspread,
 O'erpeers rich plains, where winding rivers flow.

* * * * *

Yon Saddle-Mountain in its azure hue,
 All-mingled with the thoughts and scenes of yore,
 Oh, with what joy it rises to thy vlew,
 Son of Pontoosuc! at thy home once more?

So every son of Berkshire turns his eye
 To some old mountain-head, of much-loved form,
 Majestic rising in the cloudless sky,
 Or turban'd thick with drapery of the storm.

Stanzas selected from a poem delivered at the Berkshire Jubilee, Aug. 22, 1844, by William Allen, D. D.

Making every allowance that ought to be made, it must be conceded that in no county in the state, and in few in the Union will there be found more fine scenery than in this of ours. On its southern border we have Taghconnic mountain with its Bashbishe. Then we have those "gray old rocks,"

"That seem a fragment of some mighty wall
 Built by the hand that fashioned the old world
 To separate the nations, and thrown down
 When the flood drowned them."

And then we have Gray Lock, the highest point in the state, giving a view that for vastness and sublimity is equalled by nothing in New England except the White Hills. And then how much of beauty there is in a ride through the length of the county, whether it be when the green of summer is in its full freshness, or when

"The woods of Autumn all around our vales
 Have put their glory on."

Probably most of us have read, for it used to be in a New England school book, of that journey of a day that was the picture of human life. And if it were given to us to make the journey of a day that should be, not in its events, but in its scenery, the picture of our lives, where should we rather choose to make it than through the length of our own Berkshire? What could we do better than to watch the rising sun from the top of Gray Lock, and his setting from the Eagle's Nest?

It is in connection with such physical conditions, and such scenery as this, aided by our New England institutions, that there has sprung up a race of men of whom we are justly proud.

From the Berkshire Jubilee Sermon by Mark Hopkins, D. D., 1844.

HYMN.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God!
 Thou has made thy children mighty
 By the touch of the mountain sod.
 Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
 Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod,
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
 Whose lights must never die;
 We are guardians of an altar
 'Midst the silence of the sky;
 The rocks yield founts of courage
 Struck forth as by the rod—
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark, resounding heavens,
 Where thy still small voice is heard;
 For the strong pines of the forests,
 That by thy breath are stirred;
 For the storms, on whose free pinions
 Thy spirit walks abroad—
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God!

For the shadow of thy presence,
 Round our camp of rock out-spread;
 For the stern defiles of battle,
 Bearing record of our dead;
 For the snows, and for the torrents,
 For the free heart's burial sod,
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God!

Written by Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans. Selected for singing at the Berkshire Jubilee, 1844.

II.

WATERS.

The peculiar shapes of the mountain ranges of Berkshire create many different watersheds. The branches of the two most important rivers in the county, the Housatonic and the Hoosac, have their sources very near together. The Housatonic flows south into Long Island Sound, while the Hoosac flows northwest into the Hudson.

The Housatonic River is formed by two principal branches which unite in Pittsfield about a mile southeast of the Park. The eastern branch is formed by the coming together of many rivulets from the hills of Windsor, Peru, Hinsdale, and Washington. It takes a southwesterly course thru Dalton and the eastern part of Pittsfield until it joins the western branch. The fountain head of the western branch is near the southern border of New Ashford, and within a few feet of the eastern branch of the Green River which flows into the Hoosac at Williamstown. The Housatonic is at first a small stream and runs thru Lanesboro into Pontoosuc Lake. It flows out of the lake over a dam about sixteen feet high and takes a southerly course thru Pittsfield.

Course.—From the junction of its eastern and western branches in Pittsfield, the river flows southerly thru the eastern part of Lenox, thru Lee and Stockbridge, and along the western base of Monument Mountain. From Great Barrington, it takes a slow, winding course thru Sheffield and on into Connecticut, finally emptying into Long Island Sound.

Tributaries.—The Housatonic River winds thru a course of perhaps seventy miles before it leaves the county. Along this course it receives the waters of many streams from the mountains and from the numerous lakes.

The most important of its tributaries are Unkamet Brook, joining it at Coltsville; Sackett Brook, flowing thru Washington; Williams River, at Great Barrington; Green River, between Great Barrington and Sheffield; and Mill River, joining it in Sheffield near the Connecticut line. Green River gets its name from the color of its waters. The following beautiful poem about this river was written by William Cullen Bryant when he was a lawyer in Great Barrington.

GREEN RIVER.

When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,



A VISTA ON THE 'GREEN RIVER.

As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the waves they drink;
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters—its shallows are bright
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away,
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root,
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond-stone.
Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild-bees' hum;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of summer air;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet fair thou art, thou shunniest to glide,
Beautiful stream! by the village side;
But windest away from haunts of men,

To quiet valley and shaded glen;
 And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
 Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still,
 Lonely—save when, by thy rippling tides,
 From thicket to thicket the angler glides;
 Or the simpler comes, with basket and book
 For herbs of power on thy banks to look;
 Or haply, some idle dreamer, like me,
 To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee,
 Still—save the chirp of birds that feed
 On the river cherry and seedy reed,
 And thy own wild music gushing out
 With mellow murmur of fairy shout,
 From dawn to the blush of another day,
 Like traveller singing along his way.

That fairy music I never hear,
 Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
 And mark them winding away from sight,
 Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
 While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
 And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,
 But I wish that fate had left me free
 To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
 Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
 And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;
 And I envy thy stream as it glides along
 Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
 And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
 And mingle among the jostling crowd,
 Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud—
 I often come to this quiet place,
 To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
 And gaze upon thee in silent dream,
 For in thy lonely and lovely stream
 An image of that calm life appears
 That won my heart in my greener years.

In Pittsfield the Housatonic drains Pontoosuc, Onota, Richmond, Silver, and Morewood lakes. In Stockbridge it drains Stockbridge Bowl. In Lenox, Lee, and the southern part of the county it drains many small ponds.

Falls.—The current of the Housatonic is more rapid in some



A VIEW OF WAHCONAH FALLS.*

places than in others, because of the difference in the slope of the land. The branches coming thru Dalton are largely a succession of waterfalls and rapids, while the one flowing thru Lanesboro is a meadow brook. From Pontoosuc Lake there is for about three miles a succession of dams, built for manufacturing purposes. From just aboye Lenox Furnace a succession of waterfalls continues thru Lee, Stockbridge, and Great Barrington, and affords water power for many manufacturing establishments.

Use.—In its course thru Berkshire County, the Housatonic River, tho not large and deep enough for navigation, is an exceedingly important stream. It adds much to the prosperity of the people living along its course.

* On the Wahconah Brook almost near the Dalton line and in fact just a trifle in the latter town The stream has been constantly gaining an impetus in its descent, now flowing through the meadow or pasture, leisurely, and, again, maddened and hurried, running quite rapidly. It is a succession of cascades, until at this point hemmed in by rocks and stones of quite large size, the stream makes a leap of some eighty feet and lies for a time partially calm in quite a deep pool in a basin below. . . . The stream is named for the Indian maiden Wahconah, the daughter of Miahcom, the chief of the tribe residing in the valley where now is Dalton. . . . The falls decided eventually the fate of this fair Indian maiden, giving her to the brave of her choice rather than to the rival who was ugly and painted.—From "*The Book of Berkshire*," by Clark W. Bryan.

The soil along its banks is rich and easily cultivated, yielding abundant crops. In some portions, particularly in the southern part of the county, the land is often overflowed by the melting of the snow in the spring, causing a great flood. This flood brings down rich earth from the fields above and scatters it on the lands overflowed.

The following stanzas are selected from a poem entitled "The Vision of the Housatonic River," written by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:*

Monument.

Monument Mountain.



A GLIMPSE OF THE HOUSATONIC IN STOCKBRIDGE.

(Looking toward the South.)

* Long ago, when the Housatonic wound its sinuous way through an almost unbroken and not altogether peaceful forest, the great student of man's will, Jonathan Edwards, recognized its beauty, and, doubtless, resting now and then.....at Stockbridge, strolled across the street to enjoy it, and be soothed by the "warbling tone" of its rippling waters. Since that great thinker bade it adieu, other great thinkers of thoughts far other than his, but loving it as he did, have celebrated it in prose and verse until now it is well-nigh the most classic of American streams. Among those who have contributed to its fame, most of them having either permanent or temporary homes near its banks, are Catherine Sedgwick, William Cullen Bryant, David Dudley Field, Herman Melville, Henry Ward Beecher, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Fanny Kemble, Lydia Huntly Sigourney, Henry W. Longfellow, and Dr. William Allen, besides scores of minor writers. Its most marked tribute from Dr. Holmes' pen is "The Vision of the Housatonic River."—From *"The Poet Among the Hills,"* by J. E. A. Smith.

These are the pleasant Berkshire hills,
 Each with its leafy crown;
 Hark! from their sides a thousand rills
 Come singing sweetly down.

A thousand rills; they leap and shine,
 Strained through the mossy nooks,
 Till clasped in many a gathering twine,
 They swell a hundred brooks.

A hundred brooks, and still they run
 With ripple, shade, and gleam,
 Till clustering all their braids in one,
 They flow a single stream.

A bracelet, spun from mountain mist,
 A silvery sash unwound,
 With ox-bow curve and sinuous twist,
 It writhes to reach the "Sound."

* * * * *

Float we the grassy banks between;
 Without an oar we glide;
 The meadows, sheets of living green,
 Unroll on either side.

* * * * *

And daisies strew the banks along,
 And yellow kingcups shine,
 With cowslips and a primrose throng,
 And humble celandine.

* * * * *

Look on the forest's ancient kings,
 The hemlock's towering pride;
 Yon trunk had twice a hundred rings
 And fell before it died.

* * * * *

The lily with the sprinkled dots,
 Brands of the noontide beam;
 The cardinal and the blood-red spots—
 Its double in the stream,

As if some wounded eagle's breast
 Slow throbbing o'er the plain,
 Had left its airy path impressed
 In drops of scarlet rain.

And hark! and hark! the woodland rings;
 There thrilled the thrush's soul;
 And look! and look! those lightning wings—
 The fire-plumed oriole!

Above the hen-hawk swims and swoops,
 Flung from the bright blue sky;
 Below the robin hops, and whoops
 His little Indian cry.

* * * * *

Our children know each wild-wood smell,
 The bayberry and the fern;
 The man who does not know them well,
 Is all too old to learn.

The Hoosac, tho not as large as the Housatonic, is still of great importance.

Source and Course.—It has a northerly and northwesterly course. The main branch rises in the southeastern part of Lanesboro and flows thru Cheshire, Adams, and North Adams. Here it turns to the west, passing along the north side of the Greylock group of mountains into Williamstown and then to Vermont. At North Adams it is joined by a northern branch which rises in Vermont. The Hoosac receives the waters of various streams coming from Cheshire, Hancock, and Williamstown.

Use.—The Hoosac River with all its branches is subject to a sudden rise of water, as its volume is sometimes greatly increased by rains and the melting of snow from the neighboring hills and mountains.

It is an important stream because the swiftness of its current makes it valuable for turning the machinery of mills.

Deerfield River.—In the northeast corner of the county the brooks flow into the Deerfield River. This passes for several miles along the northeast boundary of the county and forms the very winding border of the town of Florida. Flowing thru a very hilly and mountainous section, where the hills appear piled together in the greatest confusion, it is a wild and rapid stream. The ice frozen upon its rocks in winter is very rarely broken up till spring. The

breaking up of the river is a grand sight. By the melting of the snow on the mountains the water is raised several feet before the ice is sufficiently loosened to be borne away by the current. Rocks weighing tons are sometimes raised up by the masses of ice and borne along the stream.

The Westfield River rises in Savoy and receives branches from Windsor, Peru, Washington, and Becket. A house in the town of Peru is said to be so exactly on one of the summits that the drops of rain which fall upon one side of its roof contribute water to the Westfield River, and those on the other side to the Housatonic. In the lower part of its course the Westfield River is called the Agawam. It empties into the Connecticut River at Springfield.

Trace up thy current, Deerfield, to its source,
And, Westfield, thine,—by smoke-horse trayers'd now,—
By many an arch bestrided in its course;—
Your springs well forth from Berkshire's wood-crown'd brow.

Then Hoosuc westward takes his joyful way,
To mingle with broad Hudson's noble tide;
While southward, where the ocean monsters play,
Flows Housatunnuk, river of our pride.

From Dr. William Allen's Berkshire Jubilee Poem, 1844.

The Farmington River rises in Becket and flows southeasterly thru Otis and along the eastern boundary of Sandisfield. After leaving Massachusetts, it flows thru the northern part of the state of Connecticut, and empties into the Connecticut River about five miles north of Hartford.

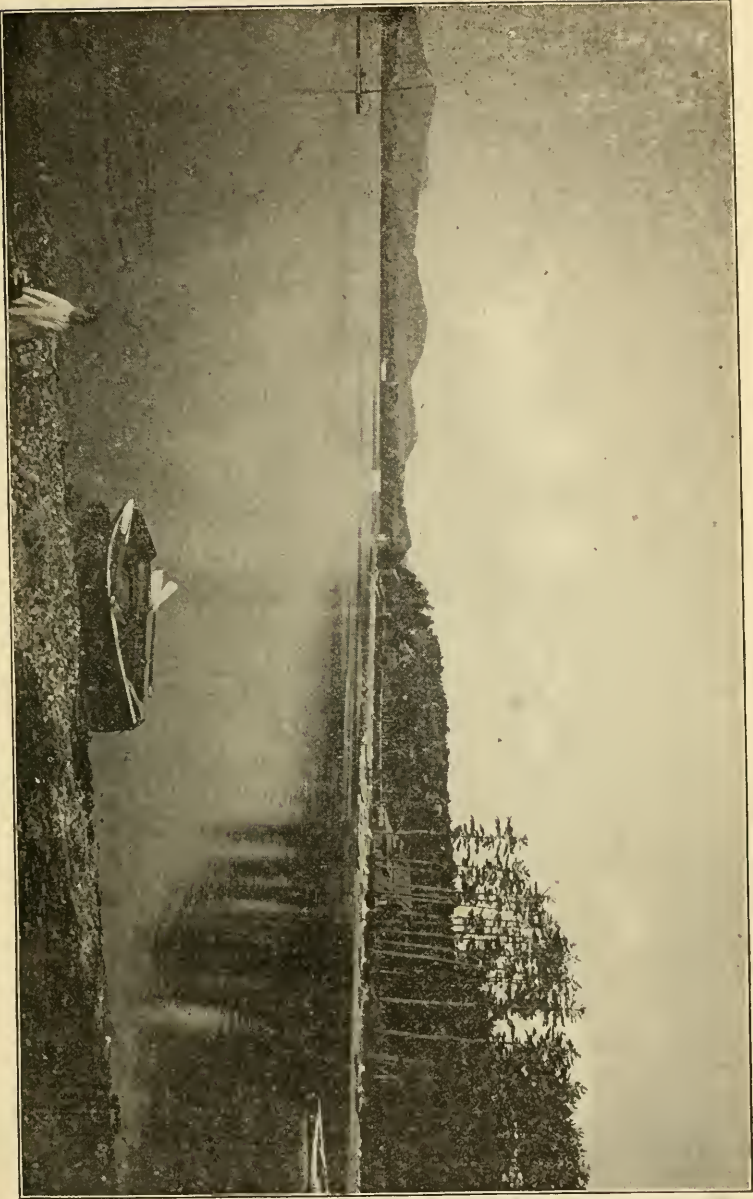
Lakes. —Berkshire is a lake country. It is said that within its borders there are fifty or sixty natural lakes. Most of these are in the southern half of the county. There are, also, twenty-five or more artificial reservoirs.

Many of the lakes are of considerable area. Some of moderate size, like Lake Ashley in Washington and Berry Pond in Hancock, lie upon the mountain tops and are fed almost entirely by springs. Several mountain lakes are of great value in supplying water to the growing towns below them. The drinking water is everywhere pure.

Saddle Bail. Greylock.

Savage Hill. Farnum Hill.

Point of Pines.



VIEW OF PONTOOSUC LAKE LOOKING NORTHWARD.

The towns having the greatest number of lakes and ponds are Pittsfield, Stockbridge, and Otis, each of which has five, wholly or partly within its limits.

Many of the lakes are gems in the scenery of the county. Among those most noted for their beauty are Onota Lake, in Pittsfield; Pontoosuc Lake, in Pittsfield and Lanesboro; Lake Mahkeenac (Stockbridge Bowl) in Stockbridge; and Lake Buel, in Monterey and New Marlboro.

THE STOCKBRIDGE BOWL.

The Stockbridge Bowl!—Hast ever seen
How sweetly pure and bright,
Its foot of stone, and rim of green
Attracts the traveller's sight?—
High set among the breezy hills
Where spotless marble glows,
It takes the tribute of the rills
Distill'd from mountain snows.

You've seen, perchance, the classic vase
At Adrian's villa* found,
The grape-vines that its handles chase,
And twine its rim around.
But thousands such as that which boasts
The Roman's name to keep,
Might in this Stockbridge Bowl be lost
Like pebbles in the deep.

It yields no sparkling draughts of fire
To mock the madden'd brain,
As that which warm'd Anacreon's † lyre
Amid the Tean ‡ plain—
But freely, with a right good will
Imparts its fountain store,
Whose heaven-replenished crystal still
Can wearied toil restore.

The Indian hunter knew its power,
And oft its praises spoke,
Long ere the white man's stranger-plow
These western valleys broke;

* A magnificent country residence at Tivoli, near Rome, in Italy, built by the Roman emperor Adrian, or Hadrian.

† A poet of ancient Greece.

‡ Tean refers to the city of Teos, where Anacreon was born.

The panting deer, that wild with pain
 From his pursuers stole,
 Inhaled new life to every vein
 From this same Stockbridge Bowl.

And many a son of Berkshire skies,
 Those men of noble birth,
 Though now, perchance, their roofs may rise
 In far, or foreign earth—
 Shall on this well remembered vase
 With thrilling bosom gaze,
 And o'er its mirror'd surface trace
 The joys of earlier days.

But one, that with a spirit-glance
 Hath moved her country's heart,
 And bade, from dim oblivion's trance
 Poor Magawiska* start,
 Hath won a fame, whose blossoms rare
 Shall fear no blighting sky,
 Whose lustrous leaf be fresh and fair,
 When Stockbridge Bowl is dry.

Mrs. Sigourney.

This general view of the streams and ponds shows that the county is well watered. It has many excellent sites for factories and very valuable water power.

During the winter, sufficient ice is cut from the many lakes to supply the county. Trout, pickerel, black bass, perch, eels and many other kinds of fish are taken from the streams and lakes.

*The Indian stranger was tall for her years, which did not exceed fifteen. Her form was slender, flexible, and graceful; and there was a freedom and loftiness in her movement which, though tempered with modesty, expressed a consciousness of high birth. Her face, although marked by the peculiarities of her race, was beautiful even to a European eye. Her features were regular, and her teeth white as pearls; but there must be something beyond symmetry of feature to fix the attention, and it was an expression of dignity, thoughtfulness, and deep dejection that made the eye linger on Magawiska's face, as if it were perusing there the legible record of her birth and wrongs. Her hair, contrary to the fashion of the Massachusetts Indians, was parted on her forehead, braided, and confined to her head by a band of small feathers, jet black, and interwoven, and attached at equal distances by rings of polished bone. She wore a waistcoat of deerskin, fastened at the throat by a richly-wrought collar. Her arms, a model for sculpture, were bare. A mantle of purple cloth hung gracefully from her shoulders, and was confined at the waist by a broad band ornamented with rude hieroglyphics. The mantle, and her strait short petticoat, or kilt, of the same rare and costly material, had been obtained, probably, from the English traders. Stockings were an unknown luxury; but leggins, similar to those worn by the ladies of Queen Elizabeth's court, were no bad substitute. The moccasin, neatly fitted to a delicate foot and ankle, and tastefully ornamented with head-work, completed the apparel of this daughter of a chieftain.—*From "Hope Leslie; or Early Times in The Massachusetts," by Catharine Maria Sedgwick.*

III.

CLIMATE.

For two or three months a daily record of weather conditions should be kept on the blackboard by the school and also by each pupil for himself. The following is suggested as a convenient form for such record. The record should be written at the same hour each morning.

DAILY WEATHER RECORD.

Year. Month. Day of week, Day of month.	Sunrise Sunset.	Phases of Moon.	Temper- ature.	Clouds or Clear.	Rain or Snow.	Frost or Dew.	Wind.	Remarks.

(If the conditions named at the head of the columns—dew, frost, rain, snow—do not exist, the space may be filled with a straight line or a * may be inserted.

The phases of the moon are shown by the words New, First Quarter, Full, Last Quarter.

The time when the sun rises and sets and the changes of the moon can be found in an almanac.

Make notes of great changes in weather during the day. It may be stormy in the morning and clear in the afternoon, or it may grow colder or warmer. If there is any great storm or anything unusual about the weather, mention it on the record.)

Sun.—Its use. Its daily course. Does the sun appear above the horizon at the same hour every day? Does it disappear below the horizon at the same hour every day? About what is its path thru the sky? Is its path the same in different seasons of the year? What happens to the length of the days as we approach December, and afterwards as we approach June? Notice whether the sun rises each morning and sets each evening. Does it rise and set at the same place in different seasons? Notice some tree, stick, peak, or whatever may be most convenient, near which the sun rises or sets, and see if it always rises and sets on the same side of the object you have chosen and at the same distance from it.

The Moon.—Notice the shape of the moon and its position in the sky on different evenings. Does it appear every evening? Does

it appear each evening at the same time? The light which the moon gives is reflected from the sun.

The Thermometer.—Notice the parts, and the mercury in the tube. Notice its position. Put the thermometer in warm water. What happens to the mercury? What effect has cold upon it?

Clouds.—Vapor constantly passing into the sky meets with cold air or wind and is condensed into water-dust. We can see it and call it a *cloud*. When this same thing happens to vapor near the surface of the earth, we call it a *fog*. If we can feel the water-dust we call it *mist*. Notice the shapes of the clouds and how they move thru the sky. See if you can draw some of the forms they take. Watch their colors in the morning and at evening. Perhaps you can find some pictures of the sky and try to color the clouds as you have seen them.

SEPTEMBER 1st, 1838.—Last evening, during a walk, Graylock and the whole of Saddleback were at first imbued with a mild, half-sunshiny tinge, then grew almost black,—a huge, dark mass lying on the back of the earth and encumbering it. Stretching up from behind the black mountain, over a third or more of the sky, there was a heavy, sombre blue heap or ledge of clouds, looking almost as solid as rocks. . . . The mass, as a whole, seemed as solid, bulky, and ponderous in the cloud-world as the mountain was on earth. The mountain and cloud together had an indescribably stern and majestic aspect. Beneath this heavy cloud, there was a fleet or flock of light, vapory mists, flitting in middle air; and these were tinted, from the vanished sun, with the most gorgeous and living purple that can be conceived,—a fringe upon the stern blue. In the opposite quarter of the heavens, a rose-light was reflected, whence I know not, which colored the clouds around the moon, then well above the horizon.—*From Hawthorne's "American Note-Books."*

Rain, Snow, and Hail.—Water-dust in the sky becomes heavy and falls to the earth as *rain*. Rain is water falling in drops from the sky to the surface of the earth. If a cold wave meets a cloud, the cold freezes the water-dust, forming flakes of *snow*. *Hail* is frozen rain.

Dew and Frost.—On some mornings the ground is wet with *dew*. The ground cools at night and vapor near the cooled ground condenses and becomes dew. *Frost* is frozen dew.

Last night the thermometer sank nearly to rezo, and see what business Nature has had on hand! Every pane of glass is etched and figured as never Moorish artist decorated Alhambra.* Will you pass it unexamined, simply because it cost you nothing—because it is so common—because it is, this morning, the property of so many people—because it was wrought by Nature and not by man? Do not do so. Learn rather to enjoy it for its own elegance, and for God's sake, who gave to frosts such wondrous artist tendencies.

The children are wiser than their elders. They are already at the window interpreting these mysterious pictures. One has discovered a silent, solitary lake, extremely beautiful, among stately white cliffs. Another points out a forest of white fir trees and pines, growing in rugged grandeur. There are in succession discovered mountains, valleys, cities of glorious structures, a little confused in their outline by distance. There are various beasts, too;—here a bear coming down to the water; birds in flocks, or sitting voiceless and solitary. There are rivers flowing through plains; and elephants, and buffaloes, and herds of cattle. There are dogs and serpents, trees and horses, ships and men.—*From "Frost in the Window," one of the "Star Papers," by Henry Ward Beecher.*

Amount of Rainfall.—To tell how much rain falls, put out a glass or a pail with vertical sides, and let it stand in an open place where the rain or the snow can fall into it as it drops from the sky. Then measure the depth of the rain in the glass or the pail. The snow is allowed to melt and then the depth of the water is measured.†

Lenox, February 12th, 1851.—A walk across the lake (Mahkeenac, or Stockbridge Bowl) with Una. A heavy rain, some days ago, has melted a good deal of the snow on the intervening descent between our house and the lake; but many drifts, depths, and levels yet remain; and there is a frozen crust, sufficient to bear a man's weight, and very slippery. Adown the slopes there are tiny rivulets, which exist only for the winter. Bare, brown spaces of grass here and there, but still so infrequent as only to diversify the scene a little. In the woods, rocks emerging, and, where

* The palace of the Moorish kings at Granada in Spain.

† At the City Hall in Pittsfield, the Clerk of the Board of Public Works keeps a record every day in the year of the rainfall and of the temperature. The average of each for each month for the five years, 1895-1900, was as follows:

Rainfall in inches.		Temperature.		Rainfall in inches.		Temperature.	
January,	3.03	20.97		July,	5.39	69.10	
February,	2.61	21.13		August,	3.79	66.49	
March,	3.42	29.72		September,	3.31	59.40	
April,	2.27	43.86		October,	2.69	48.00	
May,	2.53	56.77		November,	3.45	37.95	
June,	3.49	64.90		December,	2.59	26.85	

Average yearly rainfall for the five years, 45.79 inches.

Average yearly temperature for the five years, 45.43 degrees.

The average rainfall given for July is larger than it is likely to be in most years, because in 1897, the rain falling in July amounted to 12.19 inches.

there is a slope immediately towards the lake, the snow is pretty much gone, and we see partridge-berries frozen, and outer shells of walnuts, and chestnut burrs, heaped or scattered among the roots of the trees. The walnut-husks mark the place where the boys, after nutting, sat down to clear the walnuts of their outer shell. The various species of pine look exceedingly brown just now,—less beautiful than those trees which shed their leaves. An oak-tree, with almost all its brown foliage still rustling on it. We clamber down the bank, and step upon the frozen lake. It was snow-covered for a considerable time; but the rain overspread it with a surface of water, or imperfectly melted snow, which is now hard frozen again; and the thermometer having been frequently below zero, I suppose the ice may be four or five feet thick. Frequently there are great cracks across it, caused, I suppose, by the air beneath, and giving an idea of greater firmness than if there were no cracks; round holes, which have been hewn in the marble pavement by fishermen, and are now frozen over again, looking darker than the rest of the surface; spaces where the snow was more imperfectly dissolved than elsewhere; little crackling spots, where a thin surface of ice, over the real mass, crumples beneath one's foot; the track of a line of footsteps, most of them vaguely formed, but some quite perfectly, where a person passed across the lake while its surface was in a state of slush, but which are now as hard as adamant, and remind one of the traces discovered by geologists in rocks that hardened thousands of ages ago. It seems as if the person passed when the lake was in an intermediate state between ice and water. In one spot some pine boughs, which somebody had cut and heaped there for an unknown purpose. In the center of the lake, we see the surrounding hills in a new attitude, this being a basin in the midst of them. Where they are covered with wood, the aspect is gray or black; then there are bare slopes of broken snow, the outlines and indentations being much more hardly and firmly defined than in summer. We went southward across the lake, directly towards Monument Mountain, which reposes, as I said, like a headless sphinx. Its prominences, projections, and roughnesses are very evident; and it does not present a smooth and placid front, as when the grass is green and the trees in leaf. At one end, too, we are sensible of precipitous descents, black and shaggy with the forest that is likely always to grow there; and, in one streak, a headlong sweep downward of snow. We just set our feet on the farther shore, and then immediately returned, facing the northwest-wind, which blew very sharply against us.

After landing, we came homeward, tracing up the little brook so far as it lay in our course. It was considerably swollen, and rushed fleetly on its course between overhanging banks of snow and ice, from which depended adamantine icicles. The little waterfalls with which we had impeded it in the summer and autumn could do no more than form a

Prospect Hill, or
Bald Head

Pleasant Hill.

Stockbridge Mountains.



STOCKBRIDGE BOWL.

(By moonlight, looking westward from Lenox Road.)

large ripple, so much greater was the volume of water. In some places the crust of frozen snow made a bridge quite over the brook; so that you only knew it was there by its brawling sound beneath.

The sunsets of winter are incomparably splendid, and when the ground is covered with snow, no brilliancy of tint expressible by words can come within an infinite distance of the effect. Our southern view at that time, with the clouds and atmospherical hues, is quite indescribable and unimaginable; and the various distances of the hills which lie between us and the remote dome of Taconic are brought out with an accuracy unattainable in summer. The transparency of the air at this season has the effect of a telescope in bringing objects apparently near, while it leaves the scene all its breadth. The sunset sky, amidst its splendor, has a softness and delicacy that impart themselves to a white marble world.—*From Nathaniel Hawthorne's "American Note-Books."*

To be cloud-blind seems as bad as to be colour-blind; and not to be moved by the aspect of the sky is as unfortunate as to know no difference between the smile and the frown on the face of a human being.

To-day, for instance, we have had a fine succession of cloud-effects, whose changes have been like the moods of a friend. The morning opened with lowering clouds, low, dark, in hurried movement, pouring heavy showers in copious bursts with each fresh squall. It was one of those rains which had no threat of thunderbolt or of tornado, and all the cloud aspects were friendly and reassuring. The rain drew a steel-grey curtain between the eye and the landscape, which added a distinct charm to the whole circle of scenery. All the face of the sky seemed to say to the beleaguered human beings in the house: "Stay at home and be happy; read, chat, sing, mend stockings, play games, while the earth soaks in refreshment and nutrition from the clouds." There is a sense of the comfort of home which one might call storm-begotten. I fancy most people learn to relish it thoroughly. It puts a premium upon all the attractions of the sheltering roof and the cheerful fireside. Yet the clouds have no menace of harm to the earth. They only seem to deprecate going out of doors. They encourage home-staying.

But soon after breakfast, . . . there came great rifts in the clouds, through which the deep blue of a clear upper stratum gleamed brightly and hopefully. The rents grew larger, the sunlight came in more frequent bursts, the tattered edges of the storm-cloud hung darkly in the east, while westward the blue was bright and cheery with the promise of clear weather. I could not help noting, as I studied the retreating wrack, how much a certain blue patch in the cloud-bank resembled the angry glow of an inflammation. It was like a bad symptom, in this instance just beginning to disappear.

The early afternoon brought a new phase of cloud-scenery. The soft cumulus clouds which had been hardly more than shreds and patches all

the morning massed and moulded themselves into great bastions and bulwarks of brassy-white, deepening into a copper-colour as the hours went by. Such a sign is seldom unfulfilled, and it was no surprise to hear before long the boom and rumble of distant thunder. The squall gathered squarely in the west and advanced directly over our territory. It was one of those sharp, decided, business-like squalls, which drops a few bolts from its advancing edge, and one or two in retreat, and then is gone; like the light batteries in the rear guard of a retreating army, whose vigorous fire holds the enemy in check and gives time for their own swift withdrawal.

Of course the sunset of such a day was full of quiet beauty. There were no such gorgeous hues, such lavishness of colour, crimsons, purples, and golds, as herald the approaching gale. But the west glowed with warm colour which tinted the few gathered clouds and rimmed them with gold, and the glory lingered, and slowly faded, long after the evening star had flamed out, and the moon had risen in the east.—*From "Nature Studies in Berkshire," by John Coleman Adams.*

IV.

MINERALS.

The Chief Mineral Deposits of Berkshire County are limestone, marble, quartz, and iron ore.

Limestone.—The limestone bed which extends from Long Island Sound thru Vermont is practically continuous thru the western side of the Housatonic Valley.

To have correct views of the region . . . it is necessary to drop out of sight all state boundary lines—those of Vermont, New York and Connecticut. Then your border mountains are no longer the barrier mountains of Berkshire; but a ridge, like Tom Ball, Lenox Mountain, South Mountain and others east of it, between ranges of limestone, and the Taconic ridges and limestone valleys are seen to continue on with their Berkshire features, northward through much of Vermont, and southward into Connecticut and southeastern New York. A general map of the county from northern Vermont, southward and south westward to Pennsylvania, having its limestone areas colored, shows to the eye that the system in Berkshire rocks is part of the system in the rocks of eastern North America.—*From an address on "Berkshire Geology," delivered before the Berkshire Historical and Scientific Society, by Prof. James D. Dana, of Yale College, 1885.*

The dark blue limestone of which the Athenæum is built was found in Great Barrington. One of the uses of limestone is to make *quicklime*.



BERKSHIRE COUNTY COURT HOUSE. PITTSFIELD ATHENAEUM.

Marble.—Thru this region there are many valuable beds of marble. Marble is a fine quality of limestone which will take a good polish. It is generally white or lightly clouded, but often blue, gray, or dove-colored. The three last mentioned varieties, as found in Berkshire, do not take as high a polish as the first two, and so are not considered true marble; but they are very highly prized as building stones in this region.

The white marble of Berkshire is in demand in the great markets and has long stood foremost among the marbles of this country. Marble is not, however, as much used for building as formerly.

The white marble of which the Court House in Pittsfield was built, and the dove-colored stone which forms its basement walls are from a Sheffield quarry. This quarry also furnished the white marble for the completion of the National Monument at Washington.

Long ago the material for the New York City Hall was taken from a quarry at West Stockbridge. Lee furnished the marble used in the extension of the Capitol at Washington and for the great City Hall in Philadelphia. The marble used in Girard College in Philadelphia came from Egremont.

On the eastern side of the valley marble crops out in several towns from a bed not so wide as that on the west. It extends from North Adams to New Marlboro. The white marble in this bed is coarser and harder than that found in the western part of the county.

The Natural Bridge in the northern part of North Adams, is one of the curiosities of Berkshire County. This was originally an immense rock of the marble just mentioned. Hudson's Brook, which joins the Hoosac River, has worn a channel for itself thru this rock. This channel has been worn lower and lower until the walls of the rock are sixty feet high in some places. The brook, having cut thru this rock, has left the top of it to make the floor of the bridge over the chasm.



THE NATURAL BRIDGE, NORTH ADAMS.

North Adams, Aug. 11th, 1838.—Hudson's Cave* is formed by Hudson's Brook. There is a natural arch of marble still in one part of it. The cliffs are partly made verdant with green moss, chiefly gray with oxidation;† on some parts the white of the marble is seen; . . . there is

*The Natural Bridge. There is a cave near the top of the chasm.

†Combination with oxygen.

naked sublimity seen through a good deal of clustering beauty. Above, the birch, poplars, and pines grow on the utmost verge of the cliffs, which jut far over, so that they are suspended in air; and whenever the sunshine finds its way into the depths of the chasm the branches wave across it. There is a lightness, however, about their foliage, which greatly relieves what would otherwise be a gloomy scene. After the passage of the stream through the cliffs of marble, the cliffs separate on either side, and leave it to flow onward; intercepting its passage, however, by fragments of marble, some of them huge ones, which the cliffs have flung down, thundering into the bed of the stream through numberless ages. Doubtless some of these immense fragments had trees growing on them, which have now mouldered away. Decaying trunks are heaped in various parts of the gorge. The pieces of marble that are washed by the water are of a snow-white, and partially covered with a bright green water-moss, making a beautiful contrast.

Among the cliffs, strips of earth-beach extend downward, and trees and large shrubs root themselves in that earth, thus further contrasting the nakedness of the stone with their green foliage. But the immediate part where the stream forces its winding passage through the rock is stern, dark, and mysterious. . . .

The cave makes a fresh impression upon me every time I visit it,—so deep, so irregular, so gloomy, so stern. . . . I stand and look into its depths at various points, and hear the roar of the stream re-echoing up. It is like a heart that has been rent asunder by a torrent of passion. —From Hawthorne's "American Note-Books."

Quartz.—A rock valued very highly is the quartz which is found thruout the entire length of the county. It is sometimes in veins, sometimes in beds, often comprising the mass of high hills of this locality.

There have been several attempts to extract gold in paying quantities from the quartz rocks of this region.

A valuable variety of quartz rock found here is the *fire stone* used for the hearths of iron blast furnaces. A quarry in the southeastern part of Great Barrington for many years furnished hearths for furnaces in many parts of the United States.

All along the greater portion of the eastern slope of the Hoosac range, still another form of quartz is found. It is compact and is known as *flint*.

In the towns of Savoy, Cheshire, Lanesboro, and Washington are found extensive beds of the purest *white quartz sand* very valuable for the manufacture of glass. For this purpose it is the finest

and best in the world. These beds have been a source of much wealth to the county. Very little glass is now manufactured here, but thousands of tons of the sand are shipped every year to various places where the other conditions for the manufacture of glass are more favorable.

There is in many parts quartz rock or *quartzite*, a kind of sandstone: it is the material of the smooth-faced boulders over the fields called "hard heads." . . . This quartzite in Berkshire is most common along the ascent of the eastern plateau, but it also occurs in places over its top, as in the town of Washington south of Ashley lake, the Pittsfield reservoir lake . . . and also in the town of Savoy, a little west of the village, nearly six miles from the Cheshire station. Much of the quartzite is very firm and solid; but in some localities as in Cheshire, and less perfectly near Ashley lake, it is a loose sand, as loose and pure as the sands of any seashore, or so soft as to be easily crushed to sand, for these well-known localities of fine glass sand are localities of the rock quartzite.

This looseness of texture, at Cheshire and elsewhere, is, as I have found, a result of decay, a result of the loss of one ingredient. The quartzite at such places contained disseminated grains of feldspar, and the loss of the feldspar through infiltrating waters, has led to its falling to sand. This is well shown at the principal quarry two miles south of the Cheshire railroad station, for the waters running from the quarry deposit kaolin along the bed of the little brook, and kaolin occurs in the quarry in seams between quartzite layers, and so penetrates some of the thinner quartzite layers that they are of no value for the sand.—*From "Berkshire Geology," by Prof. James D. Dana.*

Iron. —The early settlers in Berkshire found large quantities of iron ore. From that time until a few years ago much iron was manufactured in this region. A deposit of iron ore lies in the western part of the county. Furnaces in Lanesboro, Richmond, Lenox, and Lee were long a source of wealth to the county; but most of these furnaces have now ceased working, because iron can be taken from the ore more cheaply in other places.

I come now to the question as to the origin of the Berkshire beds of iron ore, remarkable for their purity and extent, which are found along the margins of some of the limestone valleys; . . .

. . . All now admit that the ore is a secondary product; that is, that it was formed through the oxidation of iron that originally made part of minerals in the schist, or in the limestone, or else in both. The ore is always very cavernous or loose in texture, . . . as if it had

been deposited by waters in cavernous recesses; . . . water, not fire, was a chief agent in its formation.

All the facts point to the conclusion that the iron has come chiefly . . . from limestone which contained iron as one of its essential constituents . . . the limestone will rust readily on exposure to air and water.

The removal of the iron portion of a limestone loosens the texture of the whole rock . . . The now loose-textured limestone is easily dissolved away by percolating waters; and thus the oxide of iron, or ore, is left by itself and a cavity made for its reception at the same time.

How did the iron get into the limestone? . . . Why is it distributed with so great irregularity,—here in broad patches, there in winding courses abruptly, widening or narrowing, and so on?

If you accept of the view that the limestone was first made in great horizontal beds in the pure waters of a Lower Silurian sea; that the schist or slate was originally the sediment that in the following era was deposited over the limestone; that during the epoch of transition between the two conditions great sea-border marshes might have existed, receiving, here and there, like similar modern marshes, iron-bearing solutions through the drainage of a bordering country, until ore deposits were made, you may perhaps put together a theory that will account for the introduction and the peculiar irregular distribution of the ore in the limestone.—*From Dana's "Berkshire Geology."*

Other Minerals.—*Soapstone* is found near Wahconah Falls on the border between Dalton and Windsor. *Mica* and *slate* are found in West Stockbridge. In New Marlboro a kind of *clay* very valuable for the manufacture of pottery is found in great abundance. It is called *kaolin*. It is said to be largely used in the adulteration of candy.

Kaolin is pure clay, the kind used for making porcelain. It is a compound of silica, alumina and water; and has ordinarily been made from the decomposition of feldspar. Feldspar affords on analysis silica, alumina and potash. Kaolin is made from it by the action of waters which have the power (because they contain some carbonic acid or some organic acid) of removing the potash and leaving water in its place; hence the action of waters infiltrating through the rock containing feldspar makes kaolin out of the feldspar. The remarkable deposit of kaolin in southern New Marlboro, has been made, I believe, from the decomposition of the feldspar of a very feldspathic quartzite, and the washing out of the clay so made and its deposition by running water.—*From Dana's "Berkshire Geology."*

Boulders.—The boulders found in Berkshire County are large smoothly rounded rocks brought from the northwest many years



BALANCED ROCK.

ago by great moving masses of ice called glaciers. An enormous boulder supported on a small rock and called *Balanced Rock*, is found in the southwestern part of Lanesboro, and is one of the most remarkable known. Thru Richmond there extends a remarkable chain or line of boulders.

Eastern Berkshire, the plateau region, is covered generally with the hard well-bedded crystalline rocks, called *gneiss*, and *mica schist*. By well-bedded I mean lying in beds or layers, or having distinct stratification.

Besides the common mica schist and gneiss of the eastern plateau of Berkshire, there are other rocks which are, like those of the Adirondacks, of undoubted Archæan* age. One Archæan area is situated about seven miles east of Pittsfield, in a cut on the railroad, only a few yards north of the Hinsdale depot, where a crystalline limestone intersects a granite-like rock . . . It is a locality well worth exploring, and it is quite probable that the same rock may be found in some of the little explored parts of Dalton. The long cut just south of the Washington depot, is another Archæan locality, and so also a ridge west of the carriage road, less than a mile north of the depot.

* * * * *

As you go westward in any part of Berkshire, the schists become less and less coarse in texture; and at the western foot of the Taconic

*The Archæan rocks are the oldest rocks known, i. e. they were formed nearest to the time when the earth had its beginning.

range, they are sometimes but little more crystalline or glossy than roofing slate. So it is also with the limestones, the coarsest crystalline limestones and coarsest marbles are to the eastward; to the westward, west of the Taconic range, they are gray and feebly crystalline. This downward graduation in degree of crystallization, from east to west, is, in a general way, true for all parts of the region from Vermont to Connecticut. There is a similar downward graduation in going south to north, but at a less rapid rate.

* * * * *

The Berkshire rocks have generally a high pitch or dip, often 50 degrees, sometimes 90 degrees, and are rarely horizontal . . . the Taconic rocks are of *one system*, which means that they were originally one continuous pile of horizontally bedded rocks; that they were upturned simultaneously and together placed in their present positions.

Another point to be noted is that the rocks are in a series of folds or flexures; and that the north and south direction of the folds determined the general north and south direction of the ridges and valleys.

The folds have an inclination to the westward . . . In Monument mountain I think we have an example of a complete overturn.

The facts . . . are sufficient to prove that the limestone is the underlying rock of the region; that it passes underneath the schist of the Taconic range.

. . . *All the limestone* of the region belongs to one stratum; and most, if not all, of the *schists and quartzite* of middle and western Berkshire to one overlying stratum or formation.

The speculating geologist would go further and say that when the limestone and the overlying schist were in progress of formation, in great horizontal strata, Western New England and Eastern New York were together the area of a great sea, probably not a very deep sea; that in this great continental sea, as now in the Florida seas and many parts of the Pacific, limestone was made out of shells, corals, etc., as long as the waters were pure from sediment. But that afterward, there was an era of marine currents carrying sediments, or earth and sand; and that thus a stratum of earthly material, perhaps 4,000 or 5,000 feet thick, was formed over the limestone. As already explained, fossils in the Vermont part of the limestone prove that these events occurred in Lower Silurian* time.

But the above remarks do not cover *eastern* Berkshire. The quartzite of this region is probably . . . older than limestone . . . As to the age of the gneisses, . . . I have no definite opinion excepting for those that are plainly Archæan . . . These Archæan areas were

*The "Lower Silurian" was a very early period in rock formation.

probably islands in the continental sea when the limestone and overlying beds were in progress . . .

* * * * *

Why are the strata of limestone and of earthly sediments now in a crystalline condition? Why are they bent up into great north and south folds; and into folds having their tops pushed over westward?

This one fact appears to be certain that the folds—sometimes in half a dozen parallel lines over the country—are evidence of pressure; not of pressure from *beneath*, but of *lateral* pressure in the earth crust; and facts indicate that the lateral pressure came from the eastward . . .

It has been reported by the Director of the Geological survey of Great Britain, that during some part of the Silurian era, in Northern Scotland, a vast sheet of rock, chiefly gneiss in the more northern portion, four hundred feet thick, was shoved westward horizontally for ten miles at least, over the Lower Silurian rocks of the region; that this stupendous movement took place over a breadth of country ninety miles long from north to south. It was a marvelous effect to come from such a cause—lateral pressure in the earth's crust. It is as if the gneiss of the mountain plateau of all eastern Berkshire, or four hundred feet in thickness of it, and also of forty miles north in Vermont, had been shoved westward until its front edge lay over the Taconic range.—*From Dana's "Berkshire Geology."*

V.

PLANTS.

We love the stream, the lake, o'rhung with wood,

The fields of green and cool recess of grove;—

'Tis symbol-scene of purer, sweeter good,

Fore'er enjoyed in the high heavens above.

From Dr. Allen's Berkshire Jubilee Poem.

Some of the plants cultivated on the farms of Berkshire are wheat, rye, oats, Indian corn, barley, buckwheat, peas, beans, pumpkins, squashes, potatoes, turnips, beets, flax, tobacco, red and white clover, and timothy, sometimes called herd's-grass.

Flax was raised quite extensively in former times, but is now seldom seen. Of the grains raised *Indian corn* is important. The cultivation of *wheat* and *rye* is growing less. There is still some wheat raised, but most of the wheat flour is brought into the county from the west. The *potato* forms an important article of food and is raised in large quantities, being a safe and cheap crop.

Of fruits, the chief is the *apple*. Some of the different kinds are the greening, Spitzenberg, Baldwin, russet, pippin, gilliflower, and northern spy. The *pear* is quite common. The *plum* is also raised but not so much as formerly on account of disease among the plum trees. Altho the *peach* can be raised by great care, it is found that the soil and climate are not favorable for its growth and so it is seldom seen. There are some *grapes*. The *quince* is also raised.

Lenox, October, 1854.—Grandest of all joy, highest in the scale of rapture, the last thing talked of before sleep and the first thing remembered in the morning, is the going out *a-nutting*. O! the hunting of little baskets, the irrepressible glee, as bags and big baskets . . . come forth! Then the departure, the father or uncle climbing the tree—"O! how high!"—the shaking of limbs, the rattle of hundreds of chestnuts which squirrels shall never see again, the eager picking up, the merry ohs! and ouches! as nuts come plump down on their bare heads, the growing heap, the approaching dinner by the brook, on leaves yellow as gold, and in sunlight yellower still, the mysterious baskets to be opened, the cold chicken, the bread slices—ah me! one would love to be twenty boys, or a boy twenty times over, just to experience the simple, genuine, full, unalloyed pleasure of children going with father and mother to the woods "a-nutting!"—*From "Mid-October Days," one of the "Star Papers," by Henry Ward Beecher.*

Trees.—The great beauty of the mountain scenery of Berkshire is often remarked. The beauty of the foliage is partly due to the many different kinds of shrubs and forest trees. Among these are the oak, elm, pine, spruce, maple, poplar, chestnut, horse-chestnut, walnut, butternut, beech, birch, cherry, hemlock, mountain-ash, willow, and tamarack. The Lombardy poplar was formerly planted as an ornamental tree.

Maple-sugar has been quite generally made from the sap of the maple-tree.

You must have heard of the old Elm of Pittsfield Park. It has its place of fame among The Trees of America; and has had this many a year. It is not long since it rose here, among the young green growth, the scarred and seared veteran of centuries. Straight into the air it sprang, one hundred and twenty-six feet; a tall grey pillar, bearing for sole capital a few green branches, and a few withered, shattered and bare limbs. From Greylock to Monument Mountain there was no inanimate thing so revered and venerable. Nor had it grown thus without a story, and one with which the stories of other, and human lives were closely entwined.—*From "Taghconic," by Joseph E. A. Smith.*

I delight in recalling the old scenes. Changed they must be; yet I seem to be carried back to the broad street*, our usual drive on our way from the "Four Corners" and "Canoe Meadows"† as my mother told me they called it. It seems too bad to take away the town's charming characteristics; but such a healthful, beautiful, central situation could not resist its destiny; and you must have a mayor, aldermen, and common council. But Greylock will remain, and you cannot turn the course of the Housatonic. I cannot believe that it is thirty years since I said "Good bye," expecting to return the next season. As we passed the gate under the maple which may stand there now we turned and looked at the house and at the Great Pine which stood—and I hope still stands—in its solitary grandeur and beauty; passed the two bridges to the railroad station—and, Good-bye, Dear Old Folks!—*From a letter written by Dr. Holmes, Jan. 1, 1885, quoted in "The Poet Among the Hills."*

Lenox, August 17, 1854.—Oliver Wendell Holmes spends his summer months upon a beautiful farm near Pittsfield, on which are half a hundred acres of the *original* forest trees, some of them doubtless five hundred years old; trees that heard the Revolutionary cannon, (or heard of them) that heard before that, the crack of the rifle in early colonial Indian wars, when Miahcomo, with his fugitive Pequots, took refuge in the Berkshire hills. It is said that Dr. Holmes has measured with a tape-line every tree on his place, and knows each one of them with intimate personal acquaintance. If he has not, he ought to do it.

* * * * *

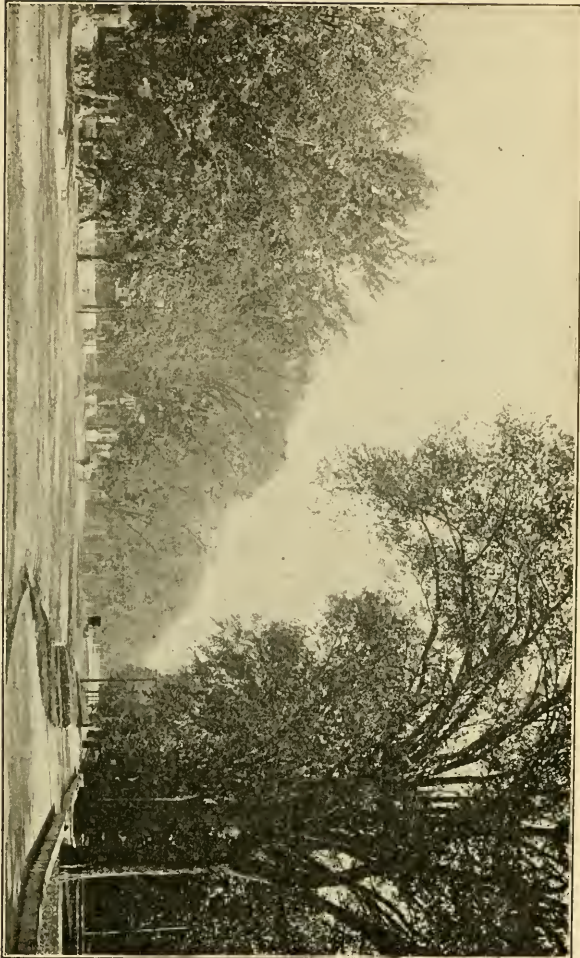
Our first excursion in Lenox was one of salutation to our notable trees. We had a nervous anxiety to see that the ax had not hewn, nor the lightning struck them; that no worm had gnawed at the root, or cattle at the trunk; that their branches were not broken, nor their leaves falling from drought. We found them all standing in their uprightness. They lifted up their heads toward heaven, and sent down to us from all their boughs a leafy whisper of recognition and affection. Blessed be the dew that cools their evening leaves, and the rains that quench their daily thirst! May the storm be as merciful to them when, in winter, it rcers through their branches, as is a harper to his harp! Let the snow lie lightly on their boughs, and long hence be the summer that shall find no leaves to clothe these nobles of the pasture!—*From "A Walk Among Trees," one of the "Star Papers," by Henry Ward Beecher.*

Among the wild flowers are the trailing arbutus, violet, hepatica, anemone, bloodroot, trillium, meadow rue, columbine, buttercup, daisy, blue-eyed grass, sweet brier, harebell, mountain laurel, clover, thistle, goldenrod, aster, fringed gentian, azalea, orchis, lily, lady's-slipper, pitcher-plant, and rose.

The following poem about the gentian was written by William Cullen Bryant.

* East Street in Pittsfield.

† His Pittsfield farm.



EAST STREET, PITTSFIELD.

(Looking eastward from the Park, where the Old Elm stood, and leading past the house of "The Old Clock on the Stairs" to the summer residences of Dr. Holmes and Herman Melville. John Chandler Williams's house is the first house on the right.)

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
 And colored with the heaven's own blue,
 That openest when the quiet light
 Succeeds the keen and frosty night,—

Thou comest not when violets lean
 O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
 Or columbines, in purple dressed,
 Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
 When woods are bare and birds are flown,
 And frosts and shortening days portend
 The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
 Look through its fringes to the sky,
 Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
 A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
 The hour of death draw near to me,
 Hope blossoming within my heart,
 May look to heaven as I depart.

The heaven-dyed violet in its native shade
 Fragrance diffuses through the forest gloom:
 No flower in royal garden is arrayed
 Like our white water-lily in its bloom.

From Dr. Allen's Jubilee Poem, 1844.

Mr. Longfellow's wedding visit to Pittsfield was followed by others. The most interesting was in the summer of 1849, which he spent at the Broadhall boarding-house. He was much impressed by the beauty of the neighboring South Mountain, and the variety of grand views from it. He took great pleasure with his children on the shores of the charming lakelet in the Broadhall grounds, where he one day had an adventure, with danger enough to give it zest. The little ones craved some beautiful pond-lilies that floated on the surface of the lakelet—to which some of the later ladies of Broadhall gave the pet name of "The Lily-Bowl." There was no craft near, save a crazy, leaky little boat; but, like the devoted father and child-lover he was, he risked himself in it to secure

The Hoosac Mountains.



Melville or
Morewood
Lake, "The
Lily Bowl."

LOOKING EASTWARD FROM SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

(The dark foliage near the center shows where Dr. Holmes lived, and the dark object a little to the right of it is the Great Pine. The course of the Housatonic is thru the valley between the residence of Dr. Holmes and the Hoosac Mountains.)

Near Ashley
Lake.

Near
"Arrowhead,"
Herman Mel-
ville's Home.

the coveted prize, although the miserable little broken shell threatened every moment to sink with him. He tells of several pleasant drives, but was clearly the most delighted with an afternoon excursion to Roaring Brook. This notable mountain streamlet dashes down a romantic gorge in the west side of Washington Mountain,—a summit of the Hoosacs.

From "The Poet Among the Hills," by J. E. A. Smith.

It must not be supposed that these flowers have been arranged in such various and attractive forms simply to gratify the eye of man when he should come along with a power to perceive and enjoy their beauty.

. . . The flowers began to combine in groups, and associate in spikes, clusters, racemes, and umbels, a good many cycles before man was taken into the account. . . .

It was a practical question of getting a living, a real matter of life and death with these flowers, whether they should combine and live closer together, or scatter themselves in isolation along the stems on which they dwelt. Because every one of them depended, for the perpetuation of its kind, upon the visits of insects on their travels, who, carrying the pollen across from flower to flower, cross-fertilised the blossoms and so secured the continuance of the plant. That result was most certainly attained in the case of those stalks on which the blossoms were crowded most thickly. For there the hurrying bees and wasps and moths and smaller honey hunters . . . could most easily take up the pollen from one blossom and dust it over the next. But more than this, these busy creatures were more certain to alight and try their luck for sweets on some spot where a cluster of flowers made the red or the white or the yellow more conspicuous than it could be in a single blossom. . . . Thus the tendency to gather in groups helped perpetuate the flowers in which that tendency occurred. . . . Some of the smaller flower-folk were still at a disadvantage. Only by crowding together in closest contact could they vie in attractiveness with their stronger, because brighter, rivals and so advertise their presence to the travelling insects. But when some of them did thus crowd together into a dense head, the tendency to dense-headedness was started and continued; and something began to be added to that tendency. Some of the outer flowers were set apart for the especial duty and task of attracting attention, while to the inner group was given the work of secreting the honey which was the price paid for the services of the useful insects.

That was the way in which the great family of the composite flowers came to be,—the family which includes the daisy and the sunflower, the golden-rod and the immortelle, the tansy and the chrysanthemum. Grant Allen calls these the most advanced, the most highly civilised of all the plants. They deserve the distinction. They have come to live in little communities, and they have reached the point of a division of labor.

Every daisy by the roadside is a village of tiny flowers. In that village there are two sets of workmen, the ray-flowers which serve to invite the attention of the passing collector of sweets, and the disk-flowers whose office is to furnish him with goods when he has been attracted. . . .

The freight lines of our great railways cut no figure whatever in comparison with the innumerable companies organised for the carriage of pollen-dust from flower to flower in the maintenance of plant life. The Black & Gold Despatch Company, the Wasps' Express Freight, the Moths' Night Line, are two or three of the corporations (unlimited) which transact the enormous business of moving a summer's crops of pollen. And when the season is over and the harvest is gathered it is the habit of the restless children of these flower communities to say good-by to their homes and to the village in which they have been born, and sally forth to found new homes and new villages for themselves. To do this they take their own private cars, run on the tracks of the great Air-Line System, and by way of the Great North-Western, the East Wind Consolidated, or the South-Western Central, fly to new lands . . . You may see them next fall, when the thistle floats on the breeze and the aster seeds start on their overland journeys.—From "*Nature Studies in Berkshire*," by John Coleman Adams.

VI.

ANIMALS.

Domestic.—*Horse*: Beast of burden; intelligent.

Mule: Beast of burden.

Ox: Strong; used for work.

Cow: Milk; butter; cheese; tallow; flesh used for food; hide used for leather.

Goat: Gives milk; hide useful.

Sheep: Flesh used for food; hide useful; wool.

Swine: Flesh used for food; lard.

Dog: Varies in size and color; faithful pet; valued in hunting and as a protector.

Cat: Catches mice; fur soft.

The field, with slight undulations, slopes pretty directly down. Near the lower verge, a rude sort of barn, or rather haystack roofed over, and with hay protruding and hanging out. An ox feeding, and putting up his muzzle to pull down a mouthful of hay; but seeing me, a stranger, in the upper part of the field, he remains long gazing, and finally betakes himself to feeding again. A solitary butterfly flitting to and fro, blown

slightly on its course by a cool September wind,—the coolness of which begins to be tempered by a bright glittering sun. There is dew on the grass.

* * * * *

There are multitudes of sheep among the hills, and they appear very tame and gentle; though sometimes, like the wicked, they “flee when no man pursueth.” But, climbing a rude, rough, rocky, stumpy, ferny height yesterday, one or two of them stood and stared at me with great earnestness. I passed on quietly, but soon heard an immense baa-ing up the hill, and all the sheep came galloping and scrambling after me, baa-ing with all their might in innumerable voices, running in a compact body, expressing the utmost eagerness, as if they sought the greatest imaginable favor from me; and so they accompanied me down the hillside. . . . Doubtless they had taken it into their heads that I brought them salt.

* * * * *

Pig-drover, with two hundred pigs. They are much more easily driven on rainy days than on fair ones. One of his pigs, a large one, particularly troublesome as to running off the road toward every object, and leading the drove. Thirteen miles about a day’s journey, in the course of which the drover has to travel about thirty.

They have a dog, who runs to and fro, . . . barking at those who straggle on the flanks of the line of march, then scampering to the other side and barking there, and sometimes having quite an affair of barking and surly grunting with some refractory pig, who has found something to munch, and refuses to quit it. The pigs are fed on corn at their halts.

* * * * *

There are a great many dogs kept in the village,* and many of the travellers also have dogs. Some are almost always playing about; and if a cow or a pig be passing, two or three of them scamper forth for an attack. Some of the younger sort chase pigeons, wheeling as they wheel. If a contest arises between two dogs, a number of others come with huge barking to join the fray, though I believe that they do not really take any active part in the contest, but swell the uproar by way of encouraging the combatants. When a traveller is starting from the door, his dog often gets in front of the horse, placing his fore-feet down, looking the horse in the face, and barking loudly, then, as the horse comes on, running a little farther, and repeating the process; and this he does in spite of his master’s remonstrances, till, the horse being fairly started, the dog follows on quietly. One dog, a diminutive little beast, has been taught to stand on his hind legs, and rub his face with his paw. . . . Another springs at people whom his master points out to him, barking and pretending to bite. . . . They appear to take much interest in one another; but there is always a degree of caution between two strange dogs when they meet.—*From Nathaniel Hawthorne’s “American Note-Books.”*

* North Adams.

Domestic Fowls.—*Hen*: Eggs; feathers; flesh valued as food.

Duck: Eggs; feathers; flesh valued as food; fond of water; webbed feet.

Goose: Eggs; feathers; flesh used for food; webbed feet.

Turkey: Eggs; feathers; flesh valued for food.

Guinea-hen: Eggs; flesh used for food.

Pigeon: Flesh used for food.

Lenox, August 12, 1838.—Seven chickens hatched. J. T. Headley* and brother called. Eight chickens.

August 21.—Eight more chickens hatched. Ascended a mountain with my wife; a beautiful, mellow, autumnal sunshine.

* * * * *

The queer gestures and sounds of a hen looking about for a place to deposit her egg; her self-important gait; the side way turn of her head and cock of her eye, as she pries into one and another nook, croaking all the while,—evidently with the idea that the egg in question is the most important thing that has been brought to pass since the world began.—*From Nathaniel Hawthorne's "American Note-Books."*

Lenox, October, 1854.—The greatest event in a hen's life is compound, being made up of an egg and a cackle. . . . If you chase her, she runs cackling; if you pelt her with stones, she streams through the air cackling all abroad till the impulse has run out, when she subsides quietly into a silly, gadding hen. Now and then an eccentric hen may be found stepping quite beyond the limits of hen-propriety. One such has persisted in laying her daily egg in the house. She would steal noiselessly in at the open door, walk up stairs, and leave a plump egg upon the children's bed. The next day she would honor the sofa. On one occasion she selected my writing-table and scratching my papers about, left her card, that I might not blame the children or servants for scattering my manuscripts.

. . . One Sabbath morning we drove her out of the second-story window, then again from the front hall. In a few moments she was heard behind the house, and on looking out the window, she was just disappearing into the bed-room window on the ground-floor! Word was given, but before any one could reach the place, she had bolted out of the window with victorious cackle, and her white, warm egg lay upon the lounge. I proposed to open the pantry-window, set the egg-dish within her reach, and let her put them up herself; but those in authority would not permit such a deviation from propriety. Such a breed of hens could never be popular with the boys. It would spoil that glorious sport of hunting hen's nests.—*From "Mid-October Days," one of the "Star Papers," by Henry Ward Beecher.*

*A noted author.

Wild Animals.—*Rabbit*: Found in woods and fields; covered with hair, fore legs short; flesh used for food.

Hare: Resembles the rabbit; feeds on vegetable food.

Squirrel: Gray squirrel used for food; red squirrel; flying squirrel.

Chipmunk: Reddish color with stripes.

Fox: Burrows in the ground; shy; reddish brown; pointed nose; triangular ears; bushy tail.

Muskrat: Shaded dark and light brown; tail flat.

Woodchuck: Reddish brown fur; short legs; pointed nose; feeds on vegetable food; burrows in the ground.

Weasel: Small; reddish brown; nimble; eyes small; sleeps during the day; color white in winter; feeds on small animals.

Porcupine: Covered with quills; torpid in winter.

Mink: Downy fur and long hair; lives near streams; bushy tail; feeds on small animals; fur valuable.

Otter: Head broad and flat; fur smooth, brown and shining.

Skunk: Black and white fur.

Deer: Valued for food.

Wildcat: Found in woods and on mountain sides; color, mixed brown and yellow; tail short; claws long, sharp, and flat.

Lynx: Resembles the wildcat; some species hunted for fur.

Raccoon: Lives in hollow trees; sleeps during day; feeds on small animals and vegetable food; brown; bushy tail.

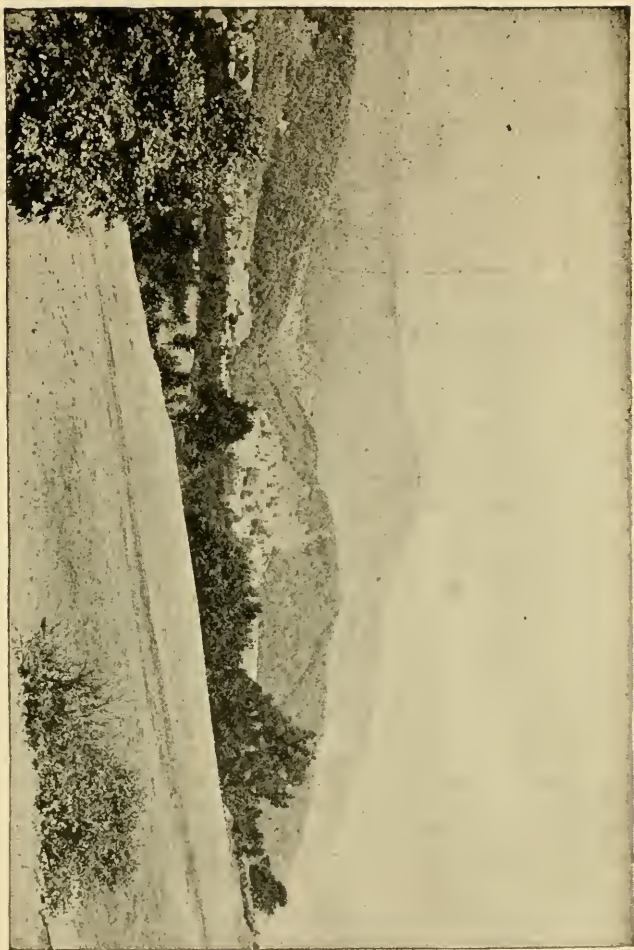
Bear: Lives in a den; feeds on small animals and vegetables; black bushy tail.

Bears still inhabit Saddleback and the neighboring mountains and forests. Six were taken in Pownall* last year and two hundred foxes. Sometimes they appear on the hills, in close proximity to this village.†—*From Nathaniel Hawthorne's "American Note-Books."*

Fish and Other Water Animals.—*Pickeral*: Long; slim, long head; large mouth; weight, under five pounds; brought from Connecticut about 1810 and put into Onota Lake; eats smaller fish; valuable for food.

*A town in Vermont near Williamstown.

†North Adams.



A VIEW IN CHESHIRE.
(Looking toward Greylack.)

Trout: Formerly very abundant in brooks in Berkshire; pickerel and refuse from factories have driven many away; small, speckled; pretty; very choice food.

Perch: Shapely; pretty; active; rather small; good for food.

Bass: Valuable for food; large; preys upon small fish.

Sunfish or pumpkinseed: Found in ponds, small creeks, and rivers.

Eel: Long; serpent-like; thick; shiny skin.

Bullhead: Dark brown and white; not very large; good for food.

Dace: Not valued for food.

Sucker: Not considered specially valuable but is at its best in spring; mouth peculiar, adapted for sucking food.

Turtle: Common in lakes.

Snapping turtle: Good for food.

I have my opinion of a man who only values a brook or a pond for what he can get out of it. . . . The man who loves nature and fish is not open to objection; but the man who cares for only so much nature as he can reach with a trout-pole and line is not a competent judge of her charms.—From "*Nature Studies in Berkshire*," by J. Coleman Adams.

No man should take a single fish, or bag a single bird, beyond the number which can be used for food by himself or his friends. To fish all day in solitary lakes, or in the streams of the wilderness, when it is certain that not one in twenty of the trout taken can be used, is not any more a violation of humanity than it is of the public sentiment of all true sportsmen. A man who would stand at a pigeon roost and fire by the hour into the dense mass of fluttering birds, only to kill them, is a butcher and a brute.—From "*The Morals of Fishing*," one of the "*Star Papers*," by Henry Ward Beecher.

Birds.—Sparrow, robin, oriole, woodpecker, humming-bird, blue jay, snowbird, wild duck, wild goose, crow, hawk, catbird, phoebe-bird, partridge, swallow, quail, pigeon, owl, bluebird, yellowbird, bobolink, whippoorwill, king-bird. Kingfisher: preys upon fish. Shrike: preys upon small birds. Heron.

On the road to Northampton, we passed a tame crow, which was sitting on the peak of a barn. The crow flew down from its perch, and followed us a great distance, hopping along the road, and flying, with its large, black, flapping wings, from post to post of the fence, or from tree to tree.

At last he gave up the pursuit with a croak of disappointment. The driver said, perhaps correctly, that the crow had scented some salmon which was in a basket under the seat, and that this was the secret of his pursuing us.

* * * * *

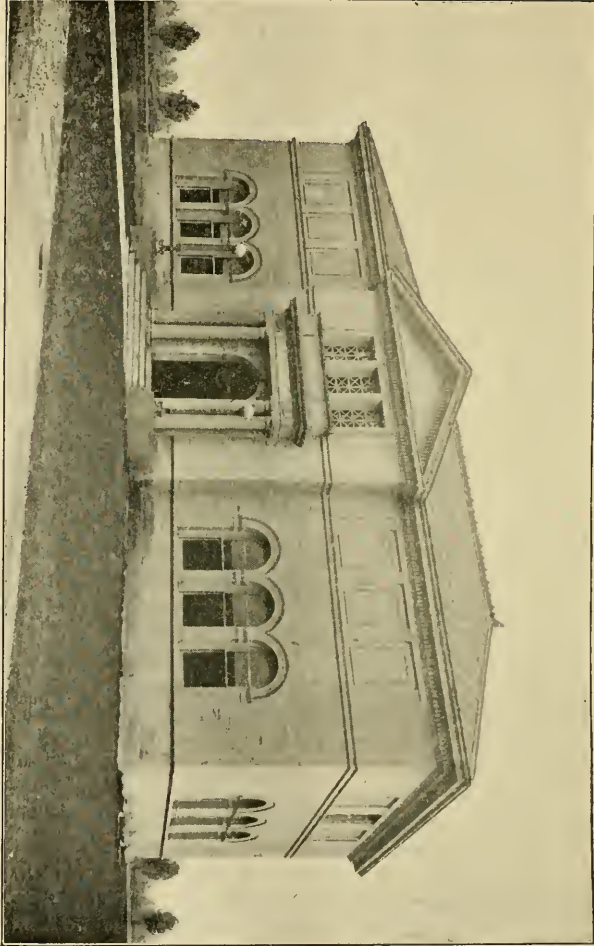
The cawing of the crow resounds among the woods. A sentinel is aware of your approach a great way off and gives the alarm to his comrades loudly and eagerly,—Caw, caw, caw! Immediately the whole conclave replies, and you behold them rising above the trees, flapping darkly, and winging their way to deeper solitudes. Sometimes, however, they remain till you come near enough to discern their sable gravity of aspect, each occupying a separate bough, or perhaps the blasted tip-top of a pine. As you approach, one after another, with loud cawing, flaps his wings and throws himself upon the air.—*From Nathaniel Hawthorne's "American Note-Books."*

A single bird in one season destroys millions of insects for its own food and for the supply of its nest. No computation can be made of the insects which birds devour. We do not think of another scene more inspiring than the plowing season, in this respect. Bluebirds are in the tops of trees practicing the scales, crows are cawing as they lazily swing through the air toward their companions in the tops of distant dead and dry trees; robins and blackbirds are wide awake, searching every clod that the plough turns, and venturesome almost to the farmer's heels. Even boys relent and seem touched by the birds' appeal to their confidence, and, until small fruits come, spare the birds. Bob'o'links begin to appear. . . .

We charge every man with positive dishonesty who drives birds from his garden in fruit-time. The fruit is theirs as well as yours. They took care of it as much as you did. If they had not eaten egg, worm, and bug, your fruit would have been pierced and ruined. They only come for wages. No honest man will cheat a bird of his spring and summer's work.—*From "The Value of Birds," one of the "Star Papers" by Henry Ward Beecher.*

Already the snow-sparrows have come down from the north, and are hopping in our hedges, sure precursors of winter. Robins are gathering in flocks in the orchards, and preparing for their southern flight. May his gun forever miss fire that would thin the ranks of singing-birds!

Lifted far above all harm of fowler or impediment of mountain, wild fowl are steadily flying southward. The simple sight of them fills the imagination with pictures. They have all summer long called to each other from the reedy fens and wild oat-fields of the far north. Summer is already extinguished there. Winter is following their track, and marching steadily toward us. The spent flowers, the seared leaves, the thinning tree-tops, the morning rime of frost, have borne witness of the change on earth; and these caravans of the upper air confirm the tidings. Summer is gone; winter is coming!—*From "Mid-October Days," one of the "Star Papers," by Henry Ward Beecher.*



MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY AND ART.

The rushing brook, the tuneful, blithsome bird,
 The busy hum of insects on the flower,
 And solemn voice of grove, by breezes stirred;—
 These are but hymns to God's eternal power.

From Dr. Allen's Berkshire Jubilee Poem.

Insects, etc.—The honey-bee is quite abundant and considerable honey is produced. That extracted from buckwheat is dark and much less valuable than that extracted from ordinary flowers.

Name as many as you can of the insects found in Berkshire County.

As I sit in my study,* with the windows open, the occasional incident of the visit of some winged creature,—wasp, hornet, or bee,—entering out of the warm sunny atmosphere, soaring round the room in large sweeps, then buzzing against the glass, as not satisfied with the place, and desirous of getting out. Finally, the joyous, uprising curve with which, coming to the open part of the window, it emerges into the cheerful glow of the outside.—*From Nathaniel Hawthorne's "American Note-Books."*

Lenox, October, 1854.—From under the unthreshed straw mice squeak and quarrel; lonesome spiders are repairing their webs in the windows that catch nothing but dust and chaff. Yet these bum bailiffs have grown plump on something. I wonder what a spider is thinking about for hours together, down in the dark throat of his web, where he lies as still as if he were dead.—*From "Mid-October Days," one of the "Star Papers," by Henry Ward Beecher.*

A bat being startled, probably, out of the meeting-house, by the commotion around, flew blindly about in the sunshine, and alighted on a man's sleeve. I looked at him,—a droll, winged, beast-insect, creeping up the man's arm, not over clean, and scattering dust on the man's coat from his vampire wings. The man stared at him, and let the spectators stare for a minute, and then shook him gently off . . . Bats are very numerous in these parts.—*From Nathaniel Hawthorne's "American Note-Books."*

Lenox, July, 1854.—This is perfect rest. The ear is full of bird's notes, of insects' hum, of the barn-yard clack of hens and peeping of chickens; the eye is full of noble outlined hills, of meadow-growing trees, of grass glancing with light shot from a million dew-drops, and of the great heavenly arch, unstained with cloud.—*From "Gone to the Country," one of the "Star Papers," by Henry Ward Beecher.*

*In Lenox.

Lenox, August 10, 1854.—There is something in the owning of a piece of ground, which affects me as did the old ruins of England. . . . For thousands of years this piece of ground hath wrought its task. Old slumberous forests used to darken it; innumerable deer have trampled across it; foxes have blinked through its bushes, and wolves have howled and growled as they pattered along its rustling leaves with empty maws. How many birds; how many flocks of pigeons thousands of years ago; how many hawks dashing wildly among them; how many insects, nocturnal and diurnal; how many mailed bugs, and limber serpents, gliding among mossy stones, have had possession here, before my day! It will not be long before I too shall be as wasted and recordless as they.

* * * * *

Let me see what tribes are mine. There are the black and glossy crickets, the grey crickets, the grasshoppers of every shape and hue, the silent, prudent toad, type of conservative wisdom, wise-looking, but slow-hopping; the butterflies by day, and the moth and millers by night; all birds—wrens, sparrows, king-birds, blue birds, robins, and those unnamed warblers that make the forests sad with their melancholy whistle. Besides these, who can register the sappers and miners that are always at work in the soil: angle-worms, white grubs, and bugs that carry pick and shovel in the head? Who can muster all the mice that nest in the barn or nibble in the stubble-field, and all the beetles that sing bass in the wood's edge to the shrill treble of gnats and myriad mosquitos? These all are mine!

Are they mine? Is it my eye and my hand that mark their paths and circuits? Do they hold their life from me, or do I give them their food in due season? Vastly as my bulk is greater than theirs, am I so much superior that I can despise, or even not admire? Where is the strength of muscle by which I can spring fifty times the length of my body? That grasshopper's thigh lords it over mine. Spring up now in the evening air, and fly toward the lights that wink from yonder hill-side! Ten million wings of despised flies and useless insects are mightier than hand or foot of mine. Each mortal thing carries some quality of distinguishing excellence by which it may glory, and say, "In this, I am first in all the world!"

Since the same hand made me that made them, and the same care feeds them that spreads my board, let there be fellowship between us. . . . I, too, am but an insect on a larger scale. Are there not those who tread with unsounding feet through the invisible air, of being so vast, that I seem to them but a mite, a flitting insect? And of capacities so noble and eminent, that all the stories which I could bring of thought and feeling to them would be but as the communing of a grasshopper with me, or the chirp of a sparrow?

The line that divides between the animal and the divine is the line of suffering. The animal, for its own pleasure, inflicts suffering. The

divine endures suffering for another's pleasure. Not then when he went up to the proportions of original glory was Christ the greatest; but when he descended, and wore our form, and bore our sins and sorrows, that by his stripes we might be healed!—From *"Dream Culture,"* by Henry Ward Beecher.

If we consider the lives of the lower animals, we shall see in them a close parallelism to those of mortals;—toil, struggle, danger, privation, mingled with glimpses of peace and ease; enmity, affection, a continual hope of bettering themselves, although their objects lie at less distance before them than ours can do.

* * * * *

Language,—human language,—after all, is but little better than the creak and cackle of fowls and other utterances of brute nature,—sometimes not so adequate.—From Nathaniel Hawthorne's *"American Note-Books."*

August 17, 1854.—You know that no enemy lurks in that fairy pool. You can see every nook and corner of it, and it is as sweet a bathing pool as ever was swum by long-legged grasshoppers. Over the root comes a butterfly with both sails a little drabbed, and quicker than light he is plucked down, leaving three or four bubbles behind him, fit emblems of a butterfly's life. There! did I not tell you? Now go away all maiden crickets and grasshoppers! These fair surfaces, so pure, so crystalline, so surely safe, have a trout somewhere in them lying in wait for you!

But what if one sits between both kinds of music, leaves above and water below? What if birds are among the leaves, sending out random calls, far-piercing and sweet, as if they were lovers, saying, "My dear, are you there?" If you are half reclining upon a cushion of fresh new moss, that swells up between the many-piled and twisted roots of a huge beech tree, and if you have been there half an hour without moving, and if you will still keep motionless, you may see what they who walk through forests never see.

Yonder is a red squirrel on the ground, utterly without fear, and prying about in that pert and nimble way that always makes me laugh. They are so proud of their tails too! They always hold them up, and coquette with them as a lady twirls and flourishes her fan. And though when running on the ground, or peeping about for seeds, they trail them at full length, yet they never sit down for a moment without closing up this important member as if they feared that something would step on it. If you lie down, you may now and then see gray squirrels in the tops of trees, playing with great glee, and quite as supple as their smaller kindred. They travel along a forest top, springing from branch to branch almost as easily as a man walks across a meadow.

But we must enjoy the sight of birds that come down on to the ground, inquiring after their dinner. A bird is the perfection of grace, of motion, of symmetry of form, and of personal neatness. Their walk is so comical when they do walk, and their hop, if hopping is their preference, is so agile and pretty, their habit of prying under leaves, of looking into crevices, of searching the axils of leaves for a chance morsel that may have been put away there, keeps one that watches in a perpetual smile.—*From "A Walk Among Trees," one of the "Star Papers," by Henry Ward Beecher.*

VII.

OCCUPATIONS..

(A production map, or a map of the county with the names of the important productions and industries written in the proper places would be interesting and helpful.)

Natural features—such as rivers and streams, mountains, the growth of trees, and mineral deposits—all have an influence on the industries of a region.

The Housatonic River has offered inducements for the location of mills in the places thru which it flows.

Pittsfield.—The beginning of the woolen industry in Pittsfield was in Arthur Scolfield's carding machine, which afterwards developed into Pomeroy's Mills. The Pontoosuc Mill went into operation in 1827. For many years the mills at Barkerville and Stearnsville were very prosperous. Other woolen-mills which have helped the growth of Pittsfield are Russell's, Peck's, Taconic, Bel Air, and Tillotson's. They are run partly by water-power and partly by steam.

Among the other important industries of Pittsfield are the manufacture of shoes, tacks, paper, machinery, knit underwear, and silk thread and braid. The Pittsfield Electric Company and the Stanley Electric Works have lately become of importance in the business of Pittsfield.

One mill which ought to be specially mentioned is the Government Mill at Coltsville. In this mill is made the paper used by the United States government for bank bills and government bonds.

The Eastern Branch of the Housatonic, with springs and waterfalls, furnishes water privileges for paper-mills. The purity of the water used in these mills and extreme care in manufacturing make the paper of Dalton among the finest in the world. There is also a large shoe-factory. Hinsdale uses its water-power to run woolen-mills.

On the Housatonic River Lee has sawmills, grist-mills, paper-mills, and a great industry in marble. Lee also produces lime of a very fine quality. South Lee has paper-mills. Stockbridge has sawmills and grist-mills. Great Barrington has cotton-mills, woolen-mills, paper-mills, and an electrical industry.

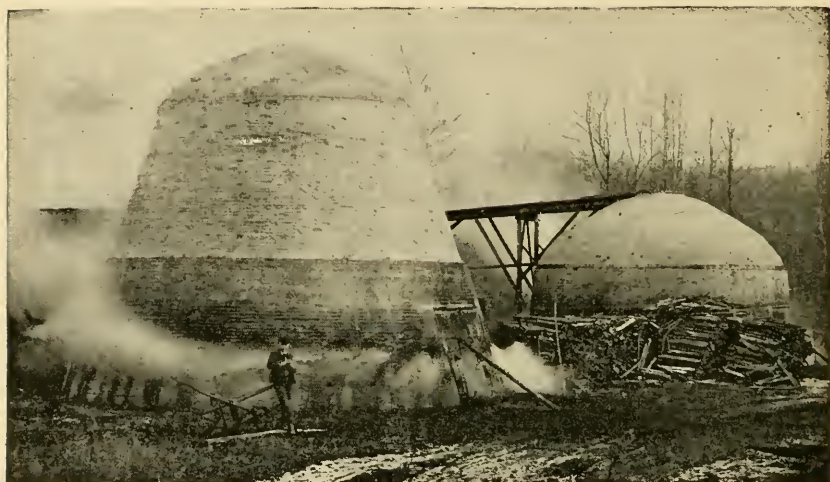
The Towns along the Hoosac River also have important industries. Adams manufactures paper and has the large Plunkett and Renfrew cotton-mills. North Adams contains the Arnold and the Windsor Print Works covering several acres, also shoe-factories, and machine-shops. Williamstown, altho engaged principally in farming and dairying, has sawmills and a factory for print goods.

Agriculture.—In Clarksburg, Florida, and other hill towns, the chief business is agriculture and there is some lumbering. Dairying is quite general. From Cheshire, in 1802, a cheese weighing 1600 pounds, and made from one day's curd contributed by all the neighbors, was sent to President Jefferson. In Hancock and Lanesboro farming is fairly successful.

The farms in many towns on the eastern side of Berkshire are decreasing in value. In Savoy we find scarcely any industries except a few coal-kilns. Windsor has a small population and its farms are being abandoned or united with others. Washington and Becket are fairly productive tho hilly, but sawmills are decreasing as forests are being cut down. Otis, Peru, Sandisfield, New Marlboro Mt. Washington, West Stockbridge, Richmond, Alford, Tyringham, Monterey, and Egremont have but little agriculture with some stock raising. Tobacco is quite extensively raised in Tyringham. Sheffield has grain in its fertile parts.

Farming in the county is much less important and profitable than in former years on account of the great increase of agriculture

in the western states, whose products can be sold here more cheaply than our own.



BURNING CHARCOAL.

(The wood to be made into charcoal is placed in the kilns, from which most of the air is shut off and where it is slowly charred.)

Quarries.—One of our most valuable industries is that of quarrying, some of the productions going to many parts of the country. One valuable belt passes thru Lenox, Lee, Great Barrington, Alford, West Stockbridge, and Richmond.

Great Barrington has blue limestone which can be split and is used largely for building.

New Ashford, Alford, and Becket have blue and white marble, the latter taking a high polish. In former years marble was quarried in Lanesboro. The bricks used in building the Pontoosuc Mill were also made there.

In Cheshire some of the purest lime in the world is made in large quantities.

The professions and general occupations which are necessary in every place are especially well represented in Berkshire County.

Make as complete a list as you can of the different professions, trades, and other lines of work or business not already mentioned by means of which people earn their living. Name, also, as many as you can of the business institutions of the county—Berkshire Life Insurance Company, Berkshire County Savings Bank, etc.

Summer Resort.—For many years Berkshire has been a famous summer resort. Many people have fine summer residences



THE HOPKINS-SEARLES MANSION.
(In Great Barrington.)

here. There are many hotels and boarding houses in most of the Berkshire towns for the accommodation of people who come here to enjoy our beautiful scenery and good air.

When I removed into the country, it was to occupy an old-fashioned farmhouse,* which had no piazza—a deficiency the more regretted, because not only did I like piazzas. . . . but the country round about was such a picture, that in berry time no boy climbs hill or crosses vale without coming upon easels planted in every nook, and sun-burnt painters painting there. A very paradise of painters.

Whoever built the house, he builded better than he knew. . . . For how, otherwise, could it have entered the builder's mind, that, upon the clearing being made, such a purple prospect would be his?—nothing less

*Called "Arrowhead" by Mr. Melville. It is on the Holmes Road about three-fourths of a mile southwest of Dr. Holmes's summer residence.

than Greylock, with all his hills about him, like Charlemagne* among his peers.

Now, for a house, so situated in such a country, to have no piazza for the convenience of those who might desire to feast upon the view, and take their time and ease about it, seemed as much of an omission as if a picture-gallery should have no bench; for what but picture-galleries are the marble halls of these same limestone hills?—galleries hung, month after month anew, with pictures ever fading into pictures ever fresh.

A piazza must be had. . . . Now, which side? . . . To the east, that long camp of the Hearth Stone Hills† fading far away. . . . Goodly sight; but to the north is Charlemagne—can't have the Hearth Stone Hills with Charlemagne.

Well, the south side. Apple trees are there. Pleasant, of a balmy morning, in the month of May, to sit and see that orchard, white-budded, as for a bridal; and in October, one green arsenal yard; such piles of ruddy shot. Very fine, I grant; but to the north is Charlemagne.

The west side, look. An upland pasture, alleying away into a maple wood at top. Sweet, in opening spring, to trace upon the hill-side, otherwise gray and bare—to trace, I say, the oldest paths by their streaks of earliest green. Sweet, indeed, I can't deny; but, to the north is Charlemagne.

So Charlemagne, he carried it.

No sooner was ground broken, than all the neighborhood . . . broke too—into a laugh. Piazza to the north! Winter Piazza! Wants, of winter midnights, to watch the Aurora Borealis‡ I suppose; hope he's laid in good store of Polar muffs and mittens.

That was in the lion month of March. Not forgotten are the blue noses of the carpenters, and how they scouted at the greenness of the cit‡, who would build his sole piazza to the north. But march don't last forever; patience, and August comes.

Even in December, this northern piazza does not repel—nipping cold and gusty though it be, and the north wind, like any miller, bolting by the snow, in finest flower—for then, once more, with frosted beard, I pace the sleety deck, weathering Cape Horn.¶

* Charlemagne (Charles the Great, or Charles I.) was a famous ruler of Europe—Emperor of the West, and King of France—who was born in 742 and died in 814. His peers were the noblemen of his realm.

‡ The Hoosac Mountains; so called because of the fire stone quarries.

† Northern lights (northern daybreak).

‡ "City chap."

¶ The cape at the southern extremity of South America. "It is a steep, black, craggy rock, rising like a precipice out of the sea which washes its foot." The climate there is very severe, and sailing around ("doubling") this cape is much dreaded by sailors. Now most steamers go thru the Strait of Magellan and tug-boats are kept there to tow sailing vessels thru, so there is no need of going around the cape at all.

"Off Cape Horn we had heavy gales. In one moment, by night, three of my best officers, with fifteen sailors, were lost, with the mainyard; the spar snapping under them in the slings, as they sought, with heavers, to beat down the icy sail."—From "*Benito Cereno*," one of "*The Piazza Tales*," by Herman Melville.

In the summer, too, Canute-like,* sitting here, one is often reminded of the sea. For not only do long ground-swells roll the slanting grain, and little wavelets of the grass ripple over upon the low piazza, as their beach, and the blown down of dandelions is wafted like the spray, and the purple of the mountains is just the purple of the billows, and a still August noon broods upon the deep meadows, as a calm upon the Line†; but the vastness and the lonesomeness are so oceanic, and the silence and the sameness, too, that the first peep of a strange house, rising beyond the trees, is for all the world like spying, on the Barbary‡ coast an unknown sail.—From *"The Piazza,"* one of *"The Piazza Tales,"* by Herman Melville.



"SHADOW BROOK," LENOX.

*Canute, or Knut, the first Danish king of England, was born in Denmark about 995.

A story is told how he rebuked some of his courtiers, who had tried to flatter him by saying that all things were possible to him. He ordered his chair to be set on the sea shore while the tide was rising, and when the water rolled near him he commanded it to go back and not dare to wet him, who was lord of the ocean. But the sea soon wet his feet and he turned to his courtiers and said: "Let all men know how empty and worthless is the power of kings; for there is none worthy of the name but He whom heaven, earth, and sea obey."

†The Equator, a great circle imagined to pass around the earth half-way between the North Pole and the South Pole.

‡The Barbary States are "all the countries of Africa, north of the desert of Sahara, and between Egypt and the Atlantic, thus including Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco," on the southern coast of the Mediterranean Sea.

Lenox is one of the most famous summer resorts in the United States. Its great beauty has attracted people of wealth and taste who have built beautiful and costly residences there. Many people who wish to have at the same time the advantages of city life and country life spend their summers in Pittsfield. These additions to the population of Berkshire contribute much to the wealth of the county.

None here the forms of industry deride:—
 All-glittering in the clod the plough to hold;
 From liberal hand the seed to scatter wide,
 And plant in many a hill the maize of gold:—

To gather in the fruits, the earth hath borne:
 The scythe to wield where waves the grass in light;
 To ply the careful sickle; and the corn
 To husk in merry mood;—'tis pure delight!

The herds, the fine woolled flocks to feed and train;
 To watch the shuttle, as it quickly flies;
 Deep in the mine to trace the metal's vein,
 The rocks to quarry in the open skies:

In graceful shapes the marble blocks to mould
 And stubborn wood; the milky treasures press;
 Iron with strength of arm to turn to gold:—
 These various toils fail not to enrich and bless.

* * * * *

'Tis toil, that braces both the frame and mind:—
 In wrestling with the wind the tree grows strong;
 Mantled with green the stagnant pool we find,
 But pure the streams, which murmuring rush along.

From Dr. William Allen's Jubilee Poem, 1844.

. . . From not less than twenty-five out of the thirty-two townships of Berkshire, the Housatonic gathers its life-currents. By this sign it holds its right and title to be called the Berkshire river. And whenever in its course the lover of Berkshire comes upon it, the river seems to bear to his soul a message from the very heart of the county, from its mountain heights, its greenwood shades, its broad vales and intervalles, its well-tilled fields, its vistas of enchanting scenery. Sometimes the river runs white and broken over its rocky channel like a reflection of Berkshire skies, flecked with fleecy clouds, driving before the



THE HOUSATONIC RIVER.
 ("Under overhanging thickets.")

crisp wind of the north-west. Sometimes it slips serenely along under overhanging thickets, or through grassy meadows, a reminder of the dreamy summer days when the August sun shimmers across the ripened rye. It is alive with the life of the hills.

Modern civilization, which is hostile to all grand natural features, to forests and to mountains, to waterfalls and to shade-trees, seems to bear a special antipathy toward rivers. For it attacks them in every conceivable way, their resources, their utilities, their beauties. The hour in which the modern man settles beside a river is a bad one for that stream, for he begins at once to tax his powers to see how he can destroy the attractions and advantages which have drawn him to its banks. He tries to tire it out with work, to exhaust it with cruelties. He strangles it with dams, and poisons it with dye-stuffs, and chokes it with sewage, and stifles it in steam-boilers. He tries to starve it to death by cutting off the forest on the mountains whence it feeds itself. He . . . kills all the fish between its banks. And still the river forgives all and tries its best to keep up the struggle for existence and incidentally to bless the oppressor with uses and graces. Here in our Housatonic, is a noble example of how hard a river dies. It keeps up a magnificent fight against

the vandal powers of the human race, as they fetter it with dams and degrade it in sluiceways and mill-ponds. It yields the service demanded of it, albeit with many a passing fury, fretting itself into foam and broken water. And just as soon as it escapes from men's clutches it takes up its old life of beauty and of blessing. At Glendale, for example, after it has been corralled in a mill-pond and pitched over a dam it recovers itself almost instantly, and before it is pulled into the traces again at Housatonic, it resumes its placid flow, and gathers shadows from the wooded banks, and sparkles in the sunlight as if it never had been forced to dirty work and never would be again. After passing Great Barrington, too, the stream which has been compelled to sweat and strain, and scour and scrub for the whole town, resumes its fair aspect and behaves precisely as if it never had drained a sewer or fed a boiler. In its gracious and serene flow through the broad meadows of Stockbridge there is no reminiscence whatsoever of its labors at the mill wheels in Lee. How can one help a species of admiration for the pluck and purpose of the resolute little river, and its unswerving effort not to be beaten, not to be other than it started to be up in the fields of Pittsfield, and the lanes of Lanesboro, and the fords of New Ashford. One rarely finds a river which so persistently keeps up its character for picturesqueness and rural beauty as the Housatonic, as long as it continues to be a Berkshire stream.—
From "Nature Studies in Berkshire," by John Coleman Adams.

VIII.

GOVERNMENT.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

Each city, town, and county in a state must obey the general laws of the state, and can do only those things which the state constitution and the legislature allow it to do.

When a town comes to have more people and more needs than the town government provides for, it may ask the state legislature to be made a *city*. If the legislature thinks it best, it grants the town a *City Charter*, in which the plan and powers and duties of the new city government are set forth. If the town accepts the charter, it becomes a city and must afterwards conduct its affairs as the charter provides.

Pittsfield became a town in 1761, and, 130 years later, was incorporated as a city in 1891.

Most of the business of the City of Pittsfield is carried on under the direction of the *City Council* and the *Mayor*. The City Council is composed of two branches—the *Board of Aldermen* and the *Common Council*.

The Board of Aldermen consists of seven members, one from each of the *seven wards* in the city. They are elected each December to serve one year. The aldermen elect a *President*. His duties are to preside at the meetings of the Board of Aldermen when the Mayor is absent and to take the Mayor's place if it is vacant by reason of the mayor's death, absence, or disability. The *City Clerk* keeps a record of the business done at the meetings of the Board of Aldermen.

The Common Council has 14 members. Each ward elects one councilman each December to serve two years. The Common Council elects a *President*, who presides at its meetings. It also elects a *Clerk*, not a member of the Common Council, who keeps a record of its proceedings.

Most of the business of the City Council is done in this way:—The measure to be voted upon is brought up by one of the two boards of the City Council. The members of the board before which it first comes vote on the measure. If a majority vote for it, it is then brought before the other board and is voted upon. If this vote is favorable, it is brought before the Mayor. If he approves the measure, it goes into effect. If he disapproves, or *veto*s the measure, it must be again voted upon by each board. If two-thirds of the members of each board vote in favor of a measure after the mayor's disapproval, or veto, it is passed.

Some business is transacted by the City Council in *joint session*, that is, the two boards meet together as one. The Mayor then presides and the City Clerk keeps a record of the business done.

A Mayor is elected each year at the *city election* in December. The City Charter of Pittsfield gives the Mayor very little power. Besides approving or disapproving the measures proposed by the

City Council, he appoints the *Inspector of Animals, Milk and Provisions*; members of the *Fire Department* and *Police Department*; the *Inspector of Buildings*; and some other officials. But these appointments must be approved by the Board of Aldermen.

Once in two years the Mayor appoints a member of the *License Commission*, to serve six years. This appointment is made by the Mayor without having to be approved by the Board of Aldermen. The Mayor, by reason of his office, is *Chairman of the School Committee*, tho the Committee elects a Chairman to serve when the Mayor is absent. He is also Chairman of various committees of the City Council.

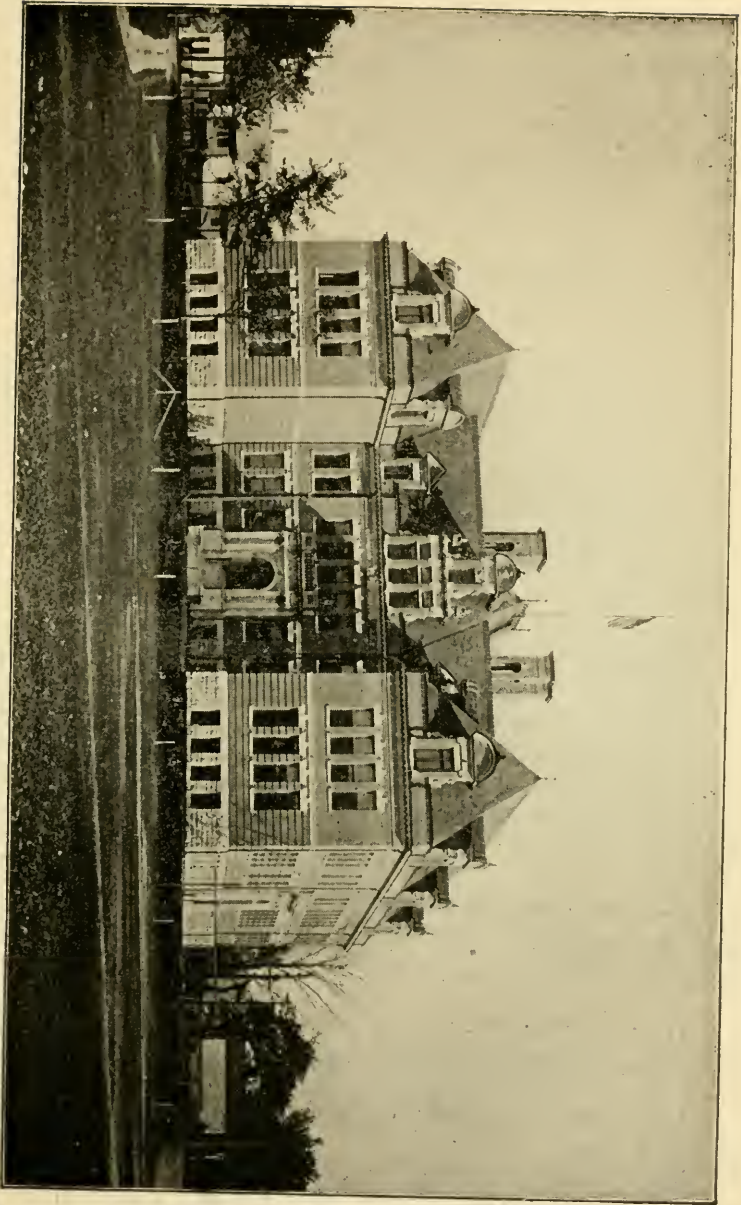
The City Clerk keeps the general records of the City—such as the records of marriages, births, and deaths. He issues marriage licenses, licenses for keeping dogs, licenses for peddling, and for some other purposes.

The City Treasurer has the care of the money of the City. He receives all that is collected by the different city officials. He pays the salaries of the city officers, the bills presented by the different departments of the city government, and all other bills which the city owes.

The Auditor is the city's bookkeeper. All bills, excepting certain payrolls, must be passed thru his hands and approved by him before they are paid.

The City Council and the Mayor decide how much money each department may expend. Most of the money needed by the City to carry on its affairs is raised by *taxation*. Each male person over 20 years of age is required to pay a poll-tax of \$2.00 each year. Each person owning *real estate* (lands and houses) and each person owning certain kinds of *personal* (movable) *property* pays a tax on such property, the tax being more or less in amount according to the value of the property.

To make out a list of tax payers and to determine the value of each person's property and the amount which each should pay, is the duty of the **Assessors**. These are three in number, one being elected by the City Council each year to serve three years. Each year they appoint a *Chairman*.



PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL.

They begin their work on the first day of May in each year. The poll-tax list is given to the *Tax Collector* on or before the fifteenth of July. On or before the first of September they give to the *Tax Collector* a list of those who pay a property tax. A discount of three per cent. is allowed to those who pay their taxes before October 10. All who do not pay on or before November 10 must pay six per cent. interest on the amount of their tax.

The Tax Collector pays to the City Treasurer the money which he receives for taxes.

The Board of Public Works is composed of three members, one of whom is elected each year by the City Council to serve three years. Each year the Board chooses a *Chairman* and appoints a *Clerk*. It also appoints such *superintendents and agents* as its duties require. This Board has charge of highways, streets, sidewalks, common sewers, main drains, bridges, street lights, waterworks and trees in the public streets. It also has charge of the City Hall and public parks.

The School Committee is composed of 14 members, two from each ward in the city. They hold office for three years. Excepting the Mayor, the Aldermen, and the members of the Common Council, they are the only city officials elected directly by the voters. They have entire charge of the schools and the school buildings. They appoint the *Superintendent of Schools*, the *Truant Officer*, the *teachers*, and the *janitors*.

The Police Department has a *Chief* and *officers* to see that there is good order in the city and to arrest and bring into court those who break the laws.

The Fire Department is composed of a *Chief* and *firemen* whose duty is to save buildings, if possible, in case of fire.

The Inspector of Buildings looks after the safety of buildings, plumbing, etc.

The City Solicitor has the care of the legal affairs of the city.

He tells the city officials what the laws require and has charge of law suits in which the City engages.

It is the duty of the **Board of Health** to look after matters belonging to the public health.

The City Physician attends sick people who are too poor to pay for such attendance.

The Inspector of Milk, Animals and Provisions sees that none but wholesome food is offered for sale.

The Overseers of the Poor expend the money set apart each year for the care of those who are not able to support themselves.

The License Commissioners grant licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors, if the people vote to grant licenses. They have general oversight of hotels and other places which require such a license.

The Mayor, the Aldermen, and the members of the Common Council, and the members of the School Committee directly represent the people, and act directly for the people in deciding what shall be done and in choosing other officers.

In addition to his duty to help decide what shall be done, the Mayor has some work which he can appoint no one else to do for him. He receives a salary of \$1000 a year. The Aldermen, the members of the Common Council, and the members of the School Committee may appoint others to perform such work as they do not choose to do themselves. They receive no salaries. Most of the other officers of the City and those who are employed to do the city's work are paid for their services, some by the year, some by the week, and some by the day.

North Adams is the only other city government in Berkshire County. The City Council in North Adams consists of only one board and has 21 members. In general, the officers of North Adams and their duties are like those in Pittsfield, but there are many matters in which the governments of the two Berkshire cities differ.

There is no separate City Court in Pittsfield. Those who break the laws are brought before the **Central Berkshire District Court** for Hancock, Lanesboro, Peru, Windsor, Hinsdale, Dalton, Washington, Pittsfield, and Richmond. It holds daily sessions in the Court House in Pittsfield. It has a District *Judge* and a *Clerk*.

TOWN GOVERNMENT.

The Government of Towns is much simpler than that of cities. Such business as is done in cities by the City Council is done in towns either by the voters themselves in *town meeting*, or by the



TOWN HALL, DALTON.

Board of Selectmen. The members of this board are usually three in number.

Besides the selectmen the more **important town officers** are the *moderator, town clerk, town treasurer, assessors, tax collector, constables, overseers of the poor, surveyor of highways, school committeemen*, and in some towns *trustees of the public library*. Town officers are elected at the annual town meeting held in February, March, or April.

The Moderator elected at each town meeting presides except at the meeting held in November for the purpose of electing state officers, at which the selectmen preside.

The Selectmen are charged with the general supervision of town affairs. They call town meetings; lay out town highways; make rules concerning the public health; draw jurymen; represent the town in suits at law, and in matters relating to the county and state; grant licenses to sell intoxicating liquors, if so ordered by the town; and they receive, count, and declare the votes in the election of state and national officers. They are sometimes chosen for one year, and sometimes for three, as the town may decide.

The Town Clerk, Treasurer, Assessors, Tax Collector and **Overseers of the Poor** have duties similar to those of the same officers in a city.

Town officers are usually elected for one year, and are generally paid by the day or by fees.

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

Berkshire is one of the 14 counties into which the state of Massachusetts is divided. Most of these counties are divided into towns and cities. In Berkshire County there are two cities and thirty towns. Certain matters which concern the whole county are under the charge of county officers.

The County Commissioners have the care of the *county buildings*, such as the *court house* and the *jail*. The county roads are laid out and built under their direction. They have charge of the legal affairs of the county. They lay the county tax and decide what part of it each city or town should pay. They also have other less important duties.

North Adams, August 23, 1838.—The county commissioners held a court . . . yesterday afternoon, for the purpose of letting out the making of the new road over the mountain. The commissioners sat together in attitudes of some dignity, with one leg laid across another; and the people, to the number of twenty or thirty, sat around about with their hats on, in their shirt-sleeves, with but little, yet with some formality. Several had come from a distance to bid for the job. They sat with

whips in their hands. The first bid was three dollars,—then there was a long silence,—then a bid of two dollars eighty-five cents, and finally it was knocked down at two eighteen, per rod. A disposition to bid was evidenced in one man by his joking on the bid of another.—*From Nathaniel Hawthorne's "American Note-Books."*

The County Treasurer has the care of the county money. He receives all taxes paid by the different towns and cities and all fines taken by the Superior Court.* Out of this money he pays such bills as he is directed to pay by the County Commissioners, and by the courts. It is also his duty to keep for public use the standard weights and measures furnished by the state.

The Register of Deeds records deeds, mortgages, and other papers. These records are kept with great care and are open for the public to look at.

The Sheriff and his Officers have to arrest persons accused of crime and keep them locked up until they may have a trial. They have charge of the county jail, attend the *county courts* and the meetings of the county commissioners when called upon to do so. During the session of the court, it is the duty of the sheriff to have the care of the *prisoners, witnesses, and jury*, and to carry out the sentences of the court.

The Register of Probate and Insolvency keeps all wills and the records of the court of probate and insolvency.

The Clerk of Courts keeps the records and other papers of the higher courts of the state which hold sessions in the county.

The clerk of courts and the registrar of probate hold office for five years, the other officers for three years. County officers are elected by the people of the county. They are paid by salaries.

There is in each county a **Judge of Probate and Insolvency**, appointed by the Governor. He decides questions about the property of people who die.

Besides the *District Court for Central Berkshire*, which is held

*The Superior Court is a state court held at Pittsfield, in and for the county of Berkshire, and is the court between the District Courts and the Supreme Judicial Court.

at Pittsfield, there are these district Courts: *Northern Berkshire*, held at North Adams; *Fourth Berkshire*, held at Adams; and *Southern Berkshire*, held at Great Barrington.

There are two *Police Courts*, one at Williamstown, and one at Lee.

NATIONAL AND STATE GOVERNMENTS.

Divisions. —In the United States there are (in 1901) forty-five states and several territories and other possessions. Each state is divided into counties, and generally each county is divided into cities and towns.

The three branches of government are:

1. *Legislative*, to make the laws.
2. *Executive*, to see that the laws are obeyed.
3. *Judicial*, to decide in doubtful cases what the law is, and how far it applies in the particular case brought to the judge.

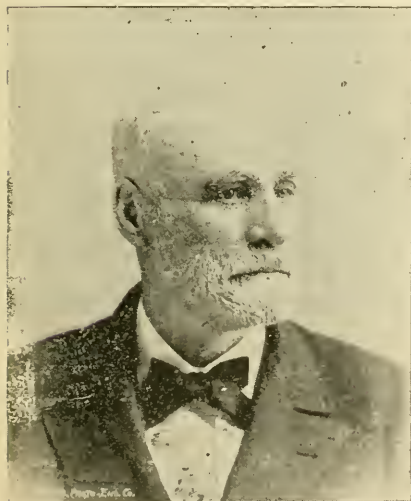
Government of the United States —The legislative department of the United States is the *Congress*. It meets in Washington, the Capital of the United States, to make laws about matters belonging to the government of the United States but not to the separate states.

The Congress has two branches: the *Senate*, which is composed of two Senators from each state: and a *House of Representatives*, in which the number of members from each state depends upon the number of people who live in the state.

Hon. Henry Laurens Dawes, of Pittsfield, was a member of the United States House of Representatives for eighteen years (1857-1875) and a member of the United States Senate for eighteen years (1875-1893).

The President is the head of the executive department.

The Supreme Court is the highest judicial body.



HENRY L. DAWES.

In a State the laws for the state are made by a *Legislature*, which

meets at the capital of the state and has a *Senate* and a *House of Representatives*, like the Congress of the United States.

The chief executive officer of a state is called the *Governor*.

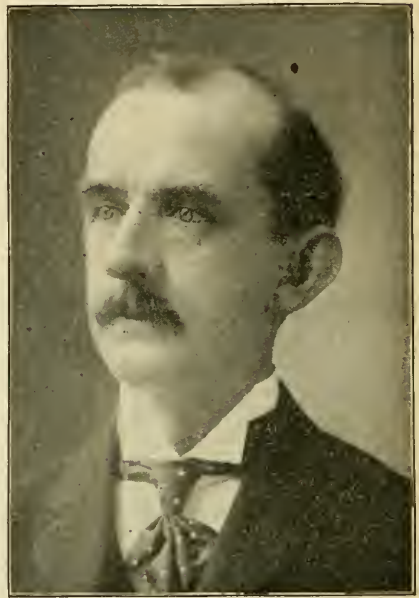
Each state has a judicial department, like that of the United States.

In Massachusetts the legislature is called the "*Great and General Court*." It is divided into a *Senate* and a *House of Representatives*. Its members are elected for one year and it meets each year in the State House in Boston, which is the capital of this state.

The Governor of Massachusetts is elected for one year.



GEORGE NIXON BRIGGS.



W. MURRAY CRANE.

Hon. George Nixon Briggs, of Pittsfield, was governor of Massachusetts seven terms from 1844 to 1851. Hon. Winthrop Murray Crane, of Dalton, became governor in 1900 and served three terms.

The highest judicial body of Massachusetts is composed of a *Chief Justice* and six other *Justices*, or *Judges*. It is called the *Supreme Judicial Court*. Its members are appointed by the Governor with the advice and consent of the Council, and hold office during good behavior.

Hon. James Madison Barker, of Pittsfield, has been a Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court since 1891.

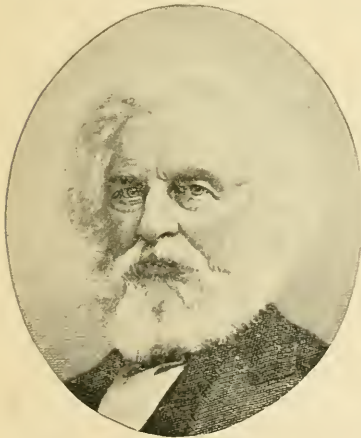
IX.

LITERATURE.

The beautiful scenery and the healthfulness of Berkshire have produced and attracted many distinguished writers who have found it to their advantage to dwell among our hills. The impression which the country has made upon these authors is shown in their writings.

Dame Nature did her level best when she fashioned Berkshire. Elsewhere she has wrought effects more grand, more imposing perhaps, but nowhere scenery more exquisite in variety or more marvelous in quiet beauty. It is a region abounding in lakes and mountain torrents, beautiful meadows and pine-dark glens.

Literature thrives best amid the beautiful. Amid scenes of loveliness it buds and blossoms and scatters its sweetest fragrance abroad. So has it been in Berkshire. A literary halo invests this charming region. Indeed this Berkshire land of ours seems wellnigh the "lake region" of America.—From *"The Literary Associations of Berkshire,"* by James T. Cutler, *New England Magazine*.



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow married Miss Frances Appleton in 1843. They came to Pittsfield on their wedding journey and stayed at the country residence of the Appleton family, the house on East street now occupied by the Plunkett family. In that "old fashioned country-seat" stood "The Old Clock on the Stairs," about which Mr. Longfellow wrote one of his most beautiful poems. The old clock no longer stands "half-way up the stairs." Longfellow spent several summers here. It

was during this period that "Evangeline," "The Belfry at Bruges," and many short poems were written.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

Somewhat back from the village street
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
 Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
 And from its station in the hall
 An ancient timepiece says to all,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
 And points and beckons with its hands
 From its case of massive oak,
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
 Crosses himself and sighs, alas!
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
 But in the silent dead of night,
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
 It echoes along the vacant hall,
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,
 And seems to say at each chamber-door,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
 Through days of death and days of birth,
 Through every swift vicissitude
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,
 It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
 Free-hearted Hospitality;
 His great fires up the chimney roared;
 The stranger feasted at his board;
 But, like the skeleton at the feast,
 That warning timepiece never ceased,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

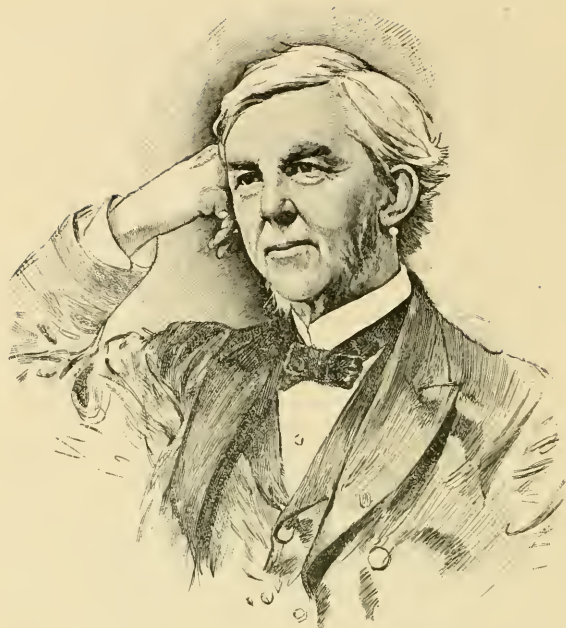
There groups of merry children played,
 There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
 O precious hours! O golden prime,
 And affluence of love and time!
 Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
 The bride came forth on her wedding night;
 There, in that silent room below,
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
 And in the hush that followed the prayer,
 Was heard the old clock on the stair,
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
 Some are married, some are dead;
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
 "Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
 As in the days long since gone by,
 The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,
 Where all parting, pain, and care,
 And death, and time shall disappear,—
 Forever there, but never here!
 'The horologe of Eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

Oliver Wendell Holmes.—On the old Lenox road about two miles from the Park, is the house where Oliver Wendell Holmes spent what he called "seven blessed summers." He was a poet, a novelist, and an essayist. He was also a physician of great prominence. He was very fond of nature, especially of trees. Trees planted by the hand of Dr. Holmes are still growing on the place. Col. Jacob Wendell, a great-grandfather of Dr. Holmes, was one of the early settlers of Pittsfield, and the poet's farm was a part of



Oliver Wendell Holmes.

the twenty-four thousand acres bought by Col. Wendell when Pontoosuck was first laid out as a township. More than one character and bit of scenery in "Elsie Venner," a novel written by Dr. Holmes, is thought to have had its original in Pittsfield. While here he wrote "The Dedication of the Pittsfield Cemetery," "The Ploughman," and "Lines Read at the Berkshire Jubilee." After the death of Dr. Holmes, his son, Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, gave many volumes from his father's library to the Berkshire Athenæum.

THE PLOUGHMAN.*

Clear the brown path, to meet his coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sunburnt brow,
The lord of earth the hero of the plough!

*Read at the anniversary of the Berkshire Agricultural Society, October 4, 1849.

First in the field before the reddening sun,
 Last in the shadows when the day is done,
 Line after line, along the bursting sod,
 Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod;
 Still where he treads, the stubborn clods divide,
 The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
 Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
 Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves;
 Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train
 Slants the long track that scores the level plain;
 Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
 The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
 At every turn the loosening chains resound,
 The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
 Till the wide field one billowy waste appears.
 And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings
 The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings;
 This is the page whose letters shall be seen
 Changed by the sun to words of living green;
 This is the scholar whose immortal pen
 Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men;
 These are the lines which heaven-commanded Toil
 Shows on his deed,—the charter of the soil!

O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
 Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
 How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
 Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of time!
 We stain thy flowers—they blossom o'er the dead;
 We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;
 O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,
 Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn;
 Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
 Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.
 Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted charms
 Steal round our hearts in thine embracing arms
 Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
 And thy fond sweetness waste our strength away.

No! by these hills, whose banners now displayed
 In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed;
 By yon twin summits, on whose splintery crests
 The tossing hemlocks hold the eagles' nest;
 By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,

And feeds with streamlets from its dark ravines,—
 True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil
 To crown with peace their own untainted soil;
 And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,
 If her chained bandogs* Faction shall unbind,
 These stately forms, that bending even now
 Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plough,
 Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
 The same stern iron in the same right hand,
 Till o'er the hills the shouts of triumph run,
 The sword has rescued what the ploughshare won!



HERMAN MELVILLE.

Herman Melville traveled in many parts of the world and had many strange adventures, of which he wrote interesting accounts. He wrote novels and poems and was well known as a lecturer. He came to Pittsfield to live in 1848, and bought an old farmhouse on Holmes Road not very far from the residence of Dr. Holmes. This he named "Arrowhead," from the pointed flint of an Indian arrow that he picked up in his field. This was his home for many years and here he wrote nearly all of his later books. Mr. Melville and Mr. Hawthorne were intimate friends.

Hawthorne . . . was not social by nature. His acquaintances in Lenox and thereabouts were few, and even among these he seldom took the part of visitor. Among those who came to see him was the stately Mr. James, the English historian and novelist, who lived down by Stockbridge on the road to Monument Mountain . . . A more welcome visitor was Herman Melville,—“Mr. Omoo,” the children used to call him.—a man of large Scotch build, bushy hair, and full, square cut beard. Of an evening he used to ride over from Pittsfield on horseback to chat with

*Large and fierce dogs

his Lenox friend. It would be difficult to find two men more unlike in character. Melville ran away to sea in his youth on a whaling vessel, and brought up in the Polynesian Islands. His experiences there gave him material for two of his stories, "Typee" and "Omoo," both somewhat Robinson Crusoe like in construction. Longfellow makes mention in his diary of reading the former of these at Portland one evening, and of being much interested in the author's glowing descriptions of life in the Marquesas. The "Piazza Tales," written on the veranda of his home, facing Greylock, and "October Mountain," half philosophy, half autumn tints, exhibit more distinctly the Berkshire spirit.—*From "The Literary Associations of Berkshire," by James T. Cutler.*

Some miles brought me nigh the hills.

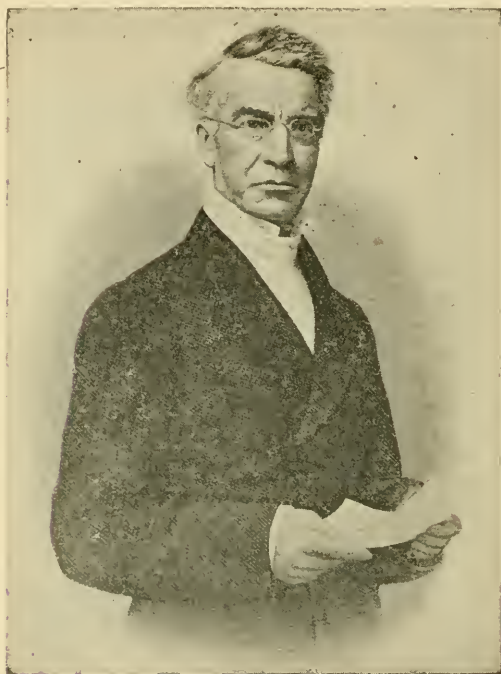
A winter wood road, matted all along with winter-green. By the side of pebby waters—waters the cheerier for their solitude; beneath swaying fir-boughs, petted by no season, but still green in all, on I journeyed—my horse and I; on, by an old saw-mill, bound down and hushed with vines, that his grating voice no more was heard; on, by a deep flume clove through snowy marble, vernal-tinted, where freshet eddies had, on each side, spun out empty chapels in the living rock; on, where Jacks-in-the-pulpit . . . preached but to the wilderness; on, where a huge, cross-grain block, fern-bedded, showed where, in forgotten times, man after man had tried to split it, but lost his wedges for his pains—which wedges yet rusted in their holes; on, where, ages past, in step-like ledges of a cascade, skull-hollow pots had been churned out by ceaseless whirling of a flint-stone—ever wearing, but itself unworn; on, by wild rapids pouring into a secret pool, but soothed by circling there awhile, issued forth serenely; on, to less broken ground, by a little ring, where, truly, fairies must have danced, or else some wheel-tire been heated—for all was bare; still on, and up, and out into a hanging orchard, where maidenly looked down upon me a crescent moon, from morning.

My horse hitched low his head. Red apples rolled before him; Eve's apples; seek-no-further. He tasted one, I another; it tasted of the ground. Fairy land not yet, thought I, flinging by bridle to a humped old tree, that crooked out an arm to catch it. For the way now lay where path was none, and none might go but by myself, and only go by daring. Through blackberry brakes that tried to pluck me back, though I but strained towards fruitless growths of mountain-laurel; up slippery steeps to barren heights, where stood none to welcome.

Foot-sore enough and weary, I gained not then my journey's end, but came ere long to a craggy pass, dipping towards growing regions still beyond. A zigzag road, half overgrown with blueberry bushes, here turned among the cliffs. A rent was in their ragged sides; through it a little track branched off, which, upwards threading that short defile, came breezily out above, to where the mountain-top, part sheltered northward, by a taller brother, sloped gently off a space, ere darkly plunging; and

here, among fantastic rocks, reposing in a herd, the foot-track wound, half beaten, up to a little, low-storied, grayish cottage, capped, nun-like, with a peaked roof. . . .

No fence was seen, no inclosure. Near by—ferns, ferns, ferns; further—woods, woods, woods; beyond—mountains, mountains, mountains; then sky, sky, sky. Turned out in aerial commons, pasture for the mountain moon. Nature, and but nature, house and all.—*From "The Piazza," one of the "Piazza Tales," by Herman Melville.*



DR. JOHN TODD.

Dr. John Todd,

for thirty years pastor of the First Church in Pittsfield, was famous as a preacher and a writer. He wrote a great many very interesting books that were widely read in the United States and in other countries. Some of these books were written before he came to Pittsfield, but most of them were written here. Among his writings were "Lectures to Chil-

dren," "Student's Manual," "Truth Made Simple," "Simple Sketches," "Summer Gleanings," and "Nuts for Boys to Crack."

We have just returned from dedicating our new Cemetery. It is of very great extent. Solemn woods, sunny lawns, pleasant hills and dales, and a singing stream, which, stopping once in its course, forms a beautiful little lakelet,—all are found in our chosen resting-place for the dead. Miles of smooth carriage-road wind among the hillocks and trees, and as the stranger rides now in sunlight and now in shade, he confesses that no expense has been spared, and that it is an honor to the town. But the

Dedication. The morning was beautifully clear, and, as the thousands gathered to move in procession, no banner or martial music disturbed the solemnity of the occasion. The bell tolling, a single bass-drum beating time to our footsteps, the procession, a mile in length, went forward to the grounds. In one of the beautiful groves, and on the side of a hill, the seats and the platform were arranged, and at least three thousand sat down in silence. The exercises consisted of prayer, reading the Scriptures, singing, addresses, and a sweet poem from a most gifted mind,—Dr. Holmes. We seemed to be standing between the living and the dead.

We were drawn back to the past and connected with our fathers; for we are to remove, as far as possible, all the dead who have been buried in this town since its first settlement, and lay their bones here, to be disturbed no more, we trust, till the resurrection day.

We were solemn, for we seemed to be looking into our own graves; for though it is now "a new sepulchre wherein never man was yet laid," yet we knew that the first graves would soon be opened, and that beneath these lofty trees our own dust must shortly sleep. We were connected with the future, for we knew that it would be at least two hundred, perhaps five hundred years, before the dead will again call for more room. We were doing what will not be again done here for centuries, and here the dust of our children and of our posterity is to be gathered. And we thought how we should then be centuries old ourselves, and through how many strange scenes of thinking, feeling, hoping, fearing, suffering, and enjoying, we should pass ere that day comes.—*From "Summer Gleanings," by John Todd.*

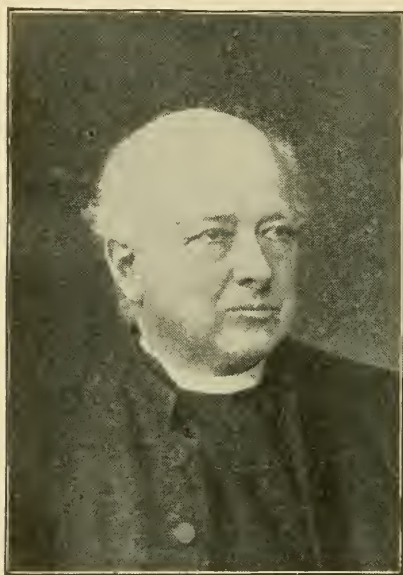
Joseph E. A. Smith has written "The History of Pittsfield," "Taghconic," and other books.

Great as have been the changes which Onota has undergone, they have affected its curious rather than its picturesque features; and its beauty is increased instead of being impaired. From the hill upon its south-western shore, which was fortified in the old French and Indian wars, a greater number of fine views are afforded than perhaps from any other spot of equal compass in Berkshire; and of these, the most pleasing are those which embrace the lake and the mountains, which, beyond it, stretch away to ever-present Greylock.—*From "The History of Pittsfield," by Joseph E. A. Smith.*

Rose Terry Cooke spent the closing years of her life in Pittsfield. Her writings include "Happy Dodd," "No," "Steadfast," two volumes of poems, and several collections of short stories.

A brook babbled down through the verdant cleft in the hills; you could hear its distant fall over more than one dam, but its light and shining were hidden by thick leaves, and by the flood of golden, dusty, radiant mist that filled and overflowed all the valley from the fast-sinking

sun. Now that day-star fell behind a dark blue slate cloud, and gilt its edge with a vivid fringe of fire. Silence brooded over all the woods, broken only now and then by the thrilling, vibrant, silver-smitten note of the wood-tarush, who sings at noon and night as if he disdained the song of other birds. . . . Then the sun emerged; the livid cloud was flecked with cold crimson; pearl and golden scales of light dappled all the southern sky in streaming fans of splendor. The east was filled with warm rose tints flushing and fading, and deeper still the crimson grew, and softer the purple of the west. A parting cloud of fire and gloom revealed the high evening star; the sun was gone.—From *"The Sphinx's Children,"* by Rose Terry Cooke.



DR. WILLIAM W. NEWTON.

Dr. William Wilberforce Newton for eighteen years rector of St. Stephen's church, wrote a number of books, including both prose and poetry. Among his writings are "Priest and Man," "A Run Through Russia," and "Philip MacGregor."

Philip MacGregor and Lydia Hamilton, his wife, had been lovers from childhood, having been brought up together in the quiet country life of the Berkshire Hills, not many miles away from the Queen City of that beautiful mountain region. As boy and girl they fished the waters of Pontoosuc lake; marveled at the wonderful Balance Rock; climbed the tall dark green hills which encompass

the city, "as the mountains stand about Jerusalem," and even from Potter mountain and Perry's Peak, in their romantic young life, saw, through the mists which hang over the Hudson, the huge piles of the Catskills, famed in Irving's story. On the near lakes, which enticed them by their beauties, in the deep glen of Lulu Cascade, and up the embowered roadside paths, Philip had performed for his fair companion many an act of boyhood's heroism; pulling up pond lilies from their deep and dangerous watery beds, to deck her beauties, as fair and pure as they; or, boldly facing the angry looks of some fierce bull, to gather her chestnuts.—From *"Philip MacGregor,"* by William Wilberforce Newton, D. D.

Among the Authors now Living in Pittsfield may be mentioned the following: Mrs. H. M. Plunkett, who has written "The Life of Dr. J. G. Holland" and "Women, Plumbers and Doctors"; Anna L. Dawes, author of "The Life of Charles Sumner," and "How We are Governed;" H. H. Ballard, librarian of the Berkshire Athenæum, author of "The World of Matter," and various textbooks and papers; and William Stearns Davis, author of "A Friend of Caesar."

Henry W. Shaw who wrote under the name of *Josh Billings*, was born in Lanesboro and was buried in the village cemetery there.



THE GRAVE OF JOSH BILLINGS.

He has been called "the queerest and wisest of humorists." "He was undoubtedly one of the quaintest writers of his time, and . . . his works . . . have afforded innocent mirth for thousands." For several

years he published his sayings in what he called "Josh Billings's Farmer's Allminax." He pretended to be very illiterate.

In Lanesboro, too, is the little stone schoolhouse where Horace E. Scudder wrote the "Bodley Books."

The village ov New Ashford iz lokated in the state ov Massachusetts, and iz about 150 miles west ov Plymouth rok.

It iz one ov them towns that don't make enny fuss, but for pure water, pure morals, and good rye, and injun bread, it stands on tiptoe.

It waz settled soon after the landing ov the pilgrims, bi sum ov that party.

But, dear Mr. —, i will now git back tew whare i am, and tell yu sumthin about New Ashford.

If yu luv a mountain, cum up here and see me.

Right in front ov the little tavern, whare i am staying, rizes up a chunk ov land, that will make yu feel weak tew look at it.

I hav bin on its top, and far above waz the brite blu ski, without a kloud swimming in it, while belo me the rain shot slanting on the valley, and the litening played its mad pranks. . . .

But what a still place this New Ashford iz.

At sunrize the roosters crow all around, once apiece; at sunset the cows cum hollering home tew be milked; and at twilight out steal the krickets, with a song, the burden ov which seems sad and weary.

This iz all the racket thare iz in New Ashford. It iz so still here that you can hear a feather drop from a blujay's tail.

Out ov this mountain, squeezed bi the weight ov it, leaks a little brook ov water, and up and down this brook each day i loiter. . . .

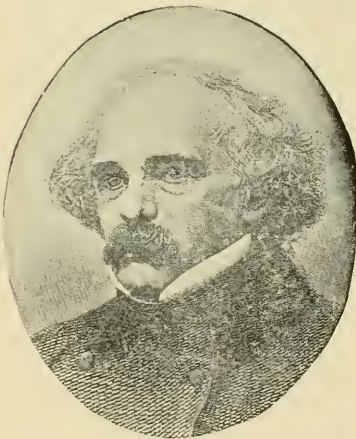
The fust thing i do in the morning, when i git up iz tew go out and look at the mountain, and see if it iz thare, if this mountain should go away, how lonesum i should be.

Yesterday i picked one quart ov field strawberries, kaught 27 trout, and gathered a whole parcell ov wintergreen leaves, a big daze work.

Wnen i got home last night tired, no man kould hav bought them ov me for 700 dollars, but i suppoze, after all, that it waz the *tired* that waz wuth the munny.

Thare iz a grate deal ov raw bliss, in gitting tired.

Dear Mr. —, good-bye, it iz now 9 oelk, P. M., and everything, in New Ashford, iz fast asleep inkluding the krickets, I will just step out and see if the mountain iz thare, and then I will go to bed too.—“*New Ashford*,” by Josh Billings.

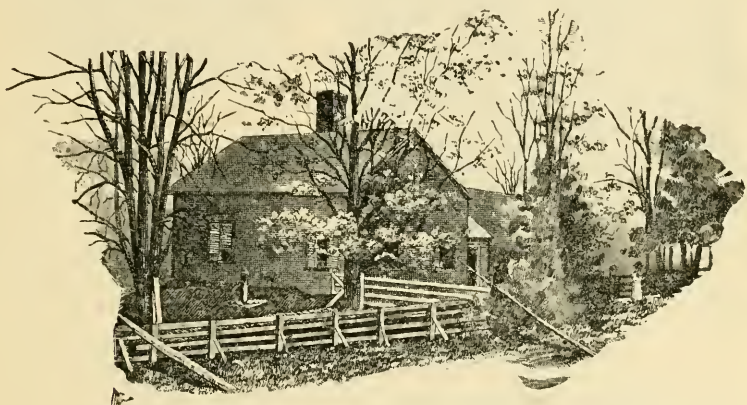


NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Nathaniel Hawthorne came from Salem to Berkshire for the benefit of his health. He was an author of wonderful romances. One of his best known works is “The Scarlet Letter.” While in Berkshire that famous author lived in a little red house in Lenox. The desk which he used in that house is still to be seen in the Berkshire Athenæum. During his stay here, and probably on this desk, he wrote “The House of Seven Gables,” “A Wonder Book” (“Tanglewood Tales”), and here he

planned “The Blithedale Romance.” “A Wonder Book” is a collection of delightful stories for children. In the book Mr. Hawthorne’s house is called “Tanglewood,” and that is why the stories are called “Tanglewood Tales.”

Monument Mountain, to the southward, was still in the centre of the scene, but seemed to have sunk and subsided, so that it was now but an undistinguished member of a large family of hills. Beyond it, the Taconic range looked higher and bulkier than before. Our pretty lake was seen, with all its little bays and inlets; and not that alone, but two or three new lakes were opening their blue eyes to the sun. Several white villages, each with its steeple, were scattered about in the distance. There were so many farm-houses, with the acres of woodland, pasture, mowing-fields, and tillage, that the children could hardly make room in their minds to receive all these different objects. There, too, was Tanglewood, which they had hitherto thought such an important apex of the world. It now occupied so small a space, that they gazed far beyond it, and on



HAWTHORNE'S "LITTLE RED HOUSE" IN LENOX.
(*"Tanglewood."*)

either side, and searched a good while with their eyes, before discovering whereabouts it stood.

White, fleecy clouds were hanging in the air, and threw the dark spots of their shadow here and there over the landscape. But, by and by, the sunshine was where the shadow had been, and the shadow was somewhere else.

Far to the westward was a range of blue mountains, which Eustace Bright told the children were the Catskills. Among those misty hills, he said, was a spot where some old Dutchmen were playing an everlasting game of nine-pins, and where an idle fellow, whose name was Rip Van Winkle, had fallen asleep, and slept twenty years at a stretch. The children eagerly besought Eustace to tell them all about this wonderful affair. But the student replied that the story had been told once already, and better than it ever could be told again.—*From "Bald-Summit," introductory to "The Chimera," in "A Wonder-Book," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.*



FANNY KEMBLE.

Fanny Kemble, a famous actress, was one of the first to admire the natural beauties of Lenox. She built a cottage there and spent her leisure time there for thirty years. She was very fond of outdoor life—riding, driving, and fishing. She gave a clock to the Congregational Church in Lenox. She earned the money for this by reading Shakspeare one evening. She wrote many poems and other books. Among

the latter is "Sketches of a Girlhood." She read a poem at the Berkshire Jubilee. She died in England.

Grey-Lock, cloud girdled, from his purple throne,
A voice of welcome sends,
And from green sunny fields, a warbling tone
The Housatonic blends.

* * * * *

And on this air, there lingers yet the tone,
Of those last sacred words to freedom given,
The mightiest utterance of that sainted one†,
Whose spirit from these mountains soar'd to Heaven.

* * * * *

And may God guard thee, oh, thou lovely land!
Danger, nor evil, nigh thy borders come.
Green towers of freedom may thy hills still stand.
Still, be each valley, peace and virtue's home:
The stranger's grateful blessing rest on thee,
And firm as Heaven, be thy prosperity!

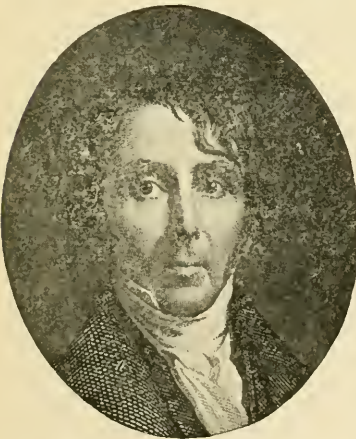
From "Ode. Written for the Berkshire Jubilee," by Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, 1844.

† Dr. William Ellery Channing.



HENRY WARD BEECHER.

God had gone through it, bearing spices homeward. The storms are but as flocks of mighty birds that spread their wings and sing in the high heaven! Speak to God, now, and say, "O, Father, where art thou?" And out of every flower, and tree, and silver pool, and twined thicket, a voice will come, "God is in me." The earth cries to the heavens, "God is here." And the heavens cry to the earth, "God is here." The sea claims Him. The land hath Him. His footsteps are upon the deep! He sitteth upon the Circle of the Earth!—From *"The Death of Our Almanac,"* one of the "Star Papers," by Henry Ward Beecher.



DR. WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

Henry Ward Beecher once

owned a farm in Lenox for a summer home. He went there several summers with his family. Mr. Beecher was a Brooklyn minister celebrated for his preaching and his writings. Here he wrote his famous "Star Papers."

JUNE! Rest! This is the year's bower. Sit down within it. Wipe from thy brow the toil. The elements are thy servants. The dews bring the jewels. The winds bring perfume. The earth shows thee all her treasure. The forests sing to thee. The air is all sweetness, as if all the angels of

Dr. William Ellery Channing,

a Boston clergyman and writer, spent several summers in Lenox to improve his health. Among his Lenox friends were Catharine Sedgwick and Fanny Kemble. Miss Sedgwick wrote a tribute to him and read it at the Berkshire Jubilee.

October 29th, 1851.—On a walk to Scott's pond, with Ellery Channing, we found a wild strawberry in the woods, not quite ripe, but beginning to red-den. For a week or two, the cider-mills have been grinding apples.—Hawthorne's *"American Note-Books,"*

I dedicate this address to the men and women of Berkshire. I have found so much to delight me in the magnificent scenery of this region, in its peaceful and prosperous villages, and in the rare intelligence and virtues of the friends whose hospitality I have here enjoyed, that I desire to connect this little work with this spot. I cannot soon forget the beautiful nature and the generous spirits with which I had been privileged to commune in the valley of the Housatonic.

Lenox, Mass., August 9, 1842.

. . . I feel as if the subject of this address peculiarly befitted this spot. Where am I now pleading the cause and speaking the praises of liberty? Not in crowded cities, where, amidst men's works and luxuries and wild speculations and eager competitions for gain, the spirit of liberty often languishes; but amidst towering mountains, embosoming peaceful vales. Amidst these vast works of God the soul naturally goes forth, and cannot endure the thought of a chain. Your free air, which we come to inale for health, breathes into us something better than health, even a freer spirit. Mountains have always been famed for nourishing brave souls and the love of liberty. . . . Men of Berkshire! whose nerves and souls the mountain air has braced, *you* surely will respond to him who speaks of the blessings of freedom and the misery of bondage. I feel as if the feeble voice which now addresses you must find an echo amidst these forest-crowned heights. Do they not impart something of their own power and loftiness to men's souls? Should our Commonwealth ever be invaded by victorious armies, freedom's last asylum would be here. Here may a free spirit, may reverence for all human rights, may sympathy for all the oppressed, may a stern, solemn purpose to give no sanction to oppression, take stronger and stronger possession of men's minds, and from these mountains may generous impulses spread far and wide!—From *"An Address Delivered at Lenox, on the First of August, 1842, being the Anniversary of the Emancipation in the British West Indies,"* by William E. Channing, D. D.



DR. JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Dr. Jonathan Edwards.—In the early days of Stockbridge, there was a tribe of Indians living there. Jonathan Edwards, a scholar of unusual ability, came among them to teach them how to save their souls. The house where he lived was torn down in 1900. It was known as "Edwards Hail." Here in a room about six by fifteen he wrote his great works, "Freedom of the Will," "The Nature of True Virtue," and "God's Last End in Creation." His ancient

study table stands in the village library ; while near the church green his descendants have erected a monument to his memory. He left Stockbridge to become president of Princeton College in New Jersey, where he died soon after.

Four generations ago, Rev. Jonathan Edwards came across the hills from Northampton, with his wife, Sarah Pierrepont Edwards, and their ten children, to take charge of the little church of mingled whites and Indians located on this spot. . . .

. . . Yonder on the main street stands the house which he and his family occupied during their entire residence in Stockbridge, much of it comparatively unchanged. Its present occupants will gladly receive you; and they can show you, among other things, the room, and the very spot in it, where the great man sat when he penned his treatises on "The Freedom of the Will," "The Nature of Virtue," and "Original Sin." A few yards north-east of this place where we are gathered stood the old Indian meeting house where he preached. . . . In yonder burial-place lies the dust of Mr. Edward's immediate predecessor, the first missionary to the Indians, and first pastor of this church,—Rev. John Sergeant: a sacred spot, which he must have often visited. There, too, lie many of the flock to whom he ministered, as well as the good and great men who immediately succeeded him here,—Dr. Stephen West and Dr. David Dudley Field. At a little distance west of here, and overlooking the meadows, is the Indian burying-ground. . . . I hardly need to point to these graceful hills and meadows, and this beautiful winding river. His eyes must have often rested upon them in a way to kindle anew contemplations of "the sweet glory of God," *which was ever revealed to him in such things.*—*From remarks of Rev. Elias Cornelius Hooker, at Edwards Family Meeting, Stockbridge, September 1870.*

There are some things that I have happily seen of the wondrous way of the working of the spider. . . . Everybody that is used to the country knows their marching in the air from one tree to another, sometimes to the distance of five or six rods. Nor can one go out in a dewy morning in the latter end of August and the beginning of September but he shall see multitudes of webs, made visible by the dew that hangs on them, reaching from one tree, branch, or shrub, to another: which webs are commonly thought to be made in the night, because they appear only in the morning; whereas none of them are made in the night, as these spiders never come out in the night when it is dark, as the dew is then falling. But these webs may be seen well enough in the day-time by an observing eye, by their reflection in the sunbeams. Especially late in the afternoon may these webs that are between the eye and that part of the horizon that is under the sun, be seen very plainly. . . . And the spiders themselves may be very often seen traveling in the air, from one stage to another amongst the trees, in a very unaccountable manner. But I have often seen that which is much more astonishing. In very calm and serene days

in the forementioned time of year, standing at some distance behind the end of a house or some other opaque body, so as just to hide the disk of the sun and keep off his dazzling rays, and looking along close by the side of it, I have seen a vast multitude of little shining webs and glistening strings brightly reflecting the sunbeams, and some of them of great length, and of such a height that one would think they were tacked to the vault of the heavens.—*Written by Jonathan Edwards when he was about twelve years old.*



CATHARINE MARIA SEDGWICK.

Catharine Maria Sedgwick, the first American literary woman of her day, was born in Stockbridge. Many of the beauties of Berkshire are charmingly described in her works. She also describes early New England life. Among her best known books are "The Linwoods" and "Hope Leslie." She lies buried in the beautiful Sedgwick enclosure in the Stockbridge cemetery.

. . . At length, at the close of the third day, after having gradually descended for several miles, the hills on one side receded, and left a little interval of meadow, through which they wound into the lower valley of the Housatonic. . . . As the fugitives emerged from the narrow defile, a new scene opened upon them; a scene of valley and hill, river and meadow, surrounded by mountains, whose encircling embrace expressed protection and love to the gentle spirits of the valley. . . .

The gentle Housatonic wound through the depths of the valley, in some parts contracted to a narrow channel, and murmuring over the rocks that rippled its surface, and in others spreading wide its clear mirror, and lingering like a lover amid the vines, trees, and flowers that fringe its banks. Thus it flows now; but not, as then, in the sylvan freedom of Nature, when no clattering mills and bustling factories threw their prosaic shadows over the silver water; when not even a bridge spanned their bosom; when not a trace of man's art was seen, save the

little bark canoe that glided over them, or lay idly moored along the shore. . . . They had entered the expanded vale by following the windings of the Housatonic around a hill,* conical and easy of ascent, excepting on that side which overlooked the river, where, half way from the base to the summit, rose a perpendicular rock, bearing on its beetling front the age of centuries. On every other side the hill was garlanded with laurels, now in full and profuse bloom, here and there surmounted by an intervening pine, spruce, or hemlock, whose seased winter foliage was fringed with the bright, tender sprouts of spring. . . .

The lower valley of the Housatonic, at the period to which our history refers, was inhabited by a peaceful, and, as far as that epithet could ever be applied to our savages, an agricultural tribe, whose territory, situate midway between the Hudson and the Connecticut, was bounded and defended on each side by mountains then deemed impracticable to a foe. . . .

The village† was on a level, sandy plain, extending for about half a mile, and raised by a natural and almost perpendicular bank fifty feet above the level of the meadows. At one extremity of the plain was the hill we have described; the other was terminated by a broad green, appropriated to sports and councils.

The huts of the savages were irregularly scattered over the plain; some on cleared ground, and others just peeping out of copses of pine trees; some on the very verge of the plain, overlooking the meadows, and others under the shelter of a high hill that formed the northern boundary of the valley, and seemed stationed there to defend the inhabitants from their natural enemies, cold and wind.

The huts were the simplest structures of human art; but, as in no natural condition of society a perfect equality obtains, some were more spacious and commodious than others. All were made with flexible poles, firmly set in the ground, and drawn and attached together at the top. Those of the more indolent or least skilful were filled in with branches of trees and hung over with coarse mats, while those of the better order were neatly covered with bark, prepared with art and considerable labour for the purpose. Little garden patches adjoined a few of the dwellings, and were planted with beans, pumpkins, and squashes; the seeds of these vegetables, according to an Indian tradition, . . . having been sent to them in the bill of a bird from the southwest by the Great Spirit. . . .

This village, as we have described it, and perhaps from the affection its natural beauty inspired, remained the residence of the savages long after they had vanished from the surrounding country. Within the memory of the present generation the remnant of the tribe migrated to the West; and even now some of their families make a summer pilgrimage to this their Jerusalem, and are regarded with a melancholy interest by the

* Laurel Hill in Stockbridge.

† The village of the Stockbridge Indians, on the site of the present village of Stockbridge

present occupants of the soil.—From "*Hope Leslie*," by Catharine M. Sedgwick.

Mr. David Dudley Field, a former Stockbridge minister, was the author of several histories of places near Stockbridge, among which was a "History of Pittsfield." He prepared a "History of Berkshire County," which was published in 1829.

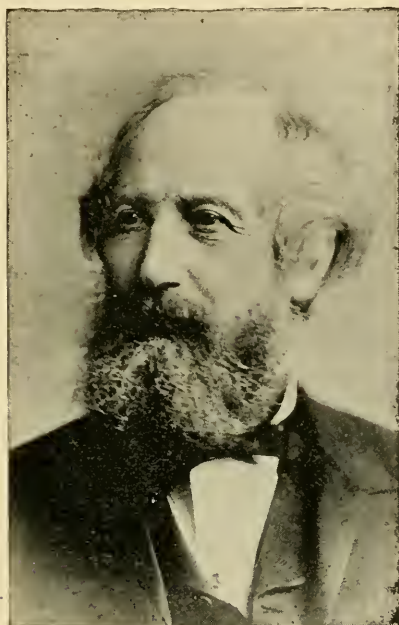
The residence of Capt. Konkapot in this town, the principal man among the Indians when the mission was commenced, has been mentioned. King Ben, (Benjamin Kokkewenaunaut) had a house on the elevated ground back from the Housatonic, half a mile west of the Plain. In 1771, being then 94 years old, this man said to the Indians that they must appoint another king, and King Solomon (Solomon Unhaunnauwaunnutt) was chosen his successor. Solomon's house was on the south bank of the Housatonic, opposite "Little Hill." He died in Feb., 1777, aged about 50. King Ben lived until April, 1781, being 104 years old. Some of the Indian houses were on the Plain, some on the meadows near the river, and a few about Barnum's brook. There is no evidence that they ever resided in West Stockbridge in any considerable numbers. . . .

Though these Indians were at first called *River Indians* by the English, they were afterwards more generally denominated Housatonic Indians, until the incorporation of this town. Since that time they have been commonly called Stockbridge Indians. They have also sometimes . . . been called Mohegans, which is a corruption of their proper name, Muhhekanews . . . which as interpreted by themselves, signifies, "*The people of the great waters, continually in motion.*" . . .

. . . They performed numerous kind offices for the early settlers of this County and for others who passed through it, acting as their guides and interpreters. In time of war they were spies for the English, and often fought, and sometimes shed their blood in their armies. Though Fort Massachusetts was repeatedly attacked in the time of the first French War,* and terror was spread through all this region; though Mr. Sergeant's house was garrisoned and perhaps some others in the town, yet in consequence, as it was supposed at the time, of the well known friendship of the Muhhekanews, no hostile Indians ventured down into the vicinity of this place, and the southern section of the County was saved from such calamities as befel some of the settlements on Connecticut river, and others to the west in the State of N. Y. And though in the second French war the few families in Williamstown, Lanesborough and Pittsfield were disturbed, and though in one instance, in 1754, as it is generally stated, but in the summer of 1755, as the time is given by the Rev. Mr. Taylor,

* In 1689 began a long struggle between the English and the French, aided by the Indians, for possession of America. The first war, generally called King William's War, lasted from 1689 to 1697. The second war, called Queen Anne's War, lasted from 1702 to 1713. The third war, King George's War, was waged from 1744 to 1748. The fourth war, known as the French and Indian War, lasted from 1754 to 1763.

in his appendix to the Redeemed Captive, a small party came into the centre of the County, two of which attacked a family in Stockbridge; yet the mischief was little, compared with what probably would have been done, had it not been for the friendship of the Stockbridge tribe. There was indeed a suspicion for a time that they were in some way concerned in this attack. But of this proof was wanting.—From *"A History of the Town of Stockbridge,"* by Rev. David D. Field, in *"A History of the County of Berkshire,"* written by gentlemen in the County, 1829.



CYRUS W. FIELD.

Four sons of Mr. David Dudley Field have become noted, and have made his family one of the most famous in the United States. *David Dudley Field* was a great lawyer and did much to improve the practice of law in New York and other states. The "Field Codes" were intended to make the laws plainer and simpler than they had been before. *Stephen J. Field* became Chief Justice of California and afterwards one of the justices of the United States Supreme Court. *Cyrus W. Field*, born in Stockbridge, was a successful business man.

After gaining a fortune he planned a telegraphic cable under the Atlantic Ocean to connect America and Europe. After many discouragements and failures, the cable was finally laid and the first public message was sent over it in 1858. *Dr. Henry M. Field*, born in Stockbridge, became a well-known writer and editor. He was also a great traveler. He has written *"A History of the Atlantic Telegraph,"* *"From Egypt to Japan,"* *"Among the Holy Hills,"* and other books.

. . . Here is Berkshire . . . You may go to the farthest east or to the farthest west without finding anything fairer; nay, I am tempted to add, without finding anything so fair. We have not indeed the grand scenery of the Alps, nor the broad features of our Pacific dominion; but

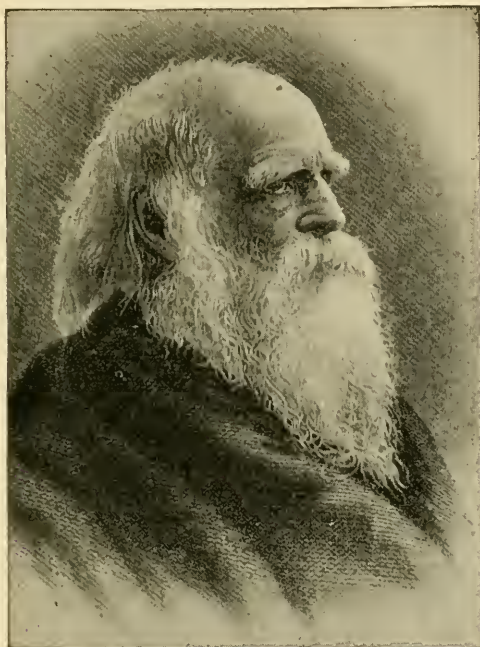
we have scenery soft, and yet wild, of mountain and valley in infinite variety, and so bathed in sunlight and shadow as to give us from morning to night an ever-shifting landscape. You may come with the apple-blossoms, when the trees are white as if sprinkled with perfumed snow; you may come in June, when the dawn is musical with birds, and in the long receding twilight there falls upon the earth a peace like the peace of God; you may come in the summer noon, when the sun's heat, tempered by mountain-air, falls softly upon meadow and river; you may come in mid-October, when the woods are green and red and gold; you may come in winter, when the whole earth is dazzling white, and the branches of the trees are silvered with ice, and when a purple light foreruns the sun at morning, and pursues him at evening; you may come and abide at any of these seasons, and you will say with me, that, of all the beautiful places you have known, this is the most perfect in beauty.—*From remarks by Hon. David Dudley Field, at the Edwards Family Meeting, at Stockbridge, September, 1870.*

. . . A hundred and forty years ago, this was but a hamlet on the borders of the wilderness,—the seat of a small tribe of Indians. A few white men from the Connecticut Valley, venturing over the mountains, came down into this peaceful spot. When once they had formed a little settlement, their first want was a minister; and hither came, in answer to their call, John Sergeant, a tutor in Yale College; a man whose looks were those of the scholar, but who, like Eliot and Brainerd, willingly banished himself to the wilderness to preach the gospel to the children of the forest. His culture and refinement were not lost even upon them. They soon recognized in him a man of God, and sat at his feet; and when, after a ministry of fourteen years, he was borne to his rest in yonder graveyard, it was amid the weeping of the simple natives, who desired, when they should be buried, to be laid near him, that they might rise at his side at the resurrection.—*From an address by Rev. H. M. Field, D. D., at the Edwards Family Meeting, 1870.*

Dr. Mark Hopkins was born in Great Barrington in "Cherry Cottage." He wrote "The Outline Study of Man" and many other books. For more than thirty years he was president of Williams College in Williamstown.

In speaking of Edwards as related to Stockbridge, it is pleasing to notice, that, as a great man, he does not stand alone. For a town no larger than this, there have been and are connected with it, by residence or birth, an unusual number of those whose names will live in history. In the same line with Edwards, West and Field were great men, and were worthy of the tablets in this church by which they are commemorated in connection with him. In another line are the names of Judge Sedgwick, and Miss Catharine Sedgwick, and Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick. We have also among the living a codifier of laws, the most eminent of

this age*; a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States†; and still another‡ whose name will be remembered as long as the swift messages of the telegraph shall make the ocean-bed their highway, and shall out-run the sun in his course. At the head of these, Edwards stands the greatest of all . . . ; not great before God (for that no man can be,) but great as walking humbly with him.—*From Address by Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D., L. L. D., at the Edwards Family Meeting at Stockbridge, September, 1870.*



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ant was town clerk in Great Barrington for several years, and the records in his handwriting are preserved.

In 1825, he gave up the law and removed to New York to engage in newspaper work. The years which he passed in Great Barrington must have made a deep impression upon him, for he was Nature's poet. Here Nature spreads out her fairest pictures—wild mountains, dark glens, woods, flowers, and sparkling brooks.

In 1814 **William Cullen Bryant**, then a youth of twenty, came from Cummington, his native place, to commence law practice at Great Barrington. "Thanatopsis" had already been written at Cummington, and was later published in the *North American Review*, exciting general admiration. About this time "To a Water-fowl," "Monument Mountain," "The Rivulet," "March," and "Autumn Woods" were also produced. Bry-

* Hon. David Dudley Field.

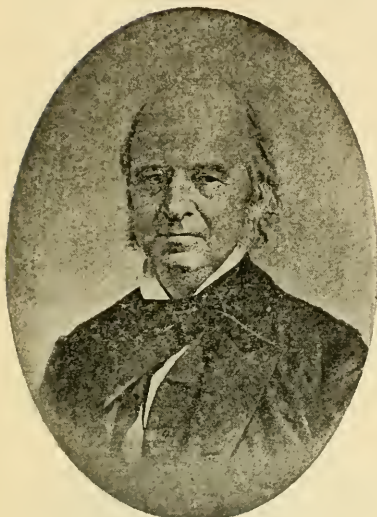
† Justice Stephen J. Field.

‡ Cyrus W. Field.

Around the place are also the scenes of many Indian legends. One of these forms the subject of his poem entitled "Monument Mountain," from which the following descriptions are taken.

Thou who wouldst see the lovely and the wild
 Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
 Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy foot
 Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
 The beauty and the majesty of earth
 Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
 The steep and toilsome way. There, as thou stand'st,
 The haunts of men below thee, and around
 The mountain-summits, thy expanding heart
 Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world
 To which thou art translated, and partake
 The enlargement of thy vision. Thou shalt look
 Upon the green and rolling forest-tops,
 And down into the secrets of the glens
 And streams that with their bordering thickets strive
 To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze at once
 Here on white villages, and tilth, and herds,
 And swarming roads, and there on solitudes
 That only hear the torrent, and the wind,
 And eagle's shriek. There is a precipice
 That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,
 Built by the hand that fashioned the old world,
 To separate its nations, and thrown down
 When the flood drowned them. To the north, a path
 Conducts you up the narrow battlement.
 Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
 With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,
 And many a hanging crag. But, to the east,
 Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs—
 Huge pillars, that in middle heaven upbear
 Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark
 With moss, the growth of centuries, and there
 Of chalky whiteness where the thunderbolt
 Has splintered them. It is a fearful thing
 To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
 Where storm and lightning, from that huge gray wall
 Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
 Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
 Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
 Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,
 Come up like ocean-murmurs. But the scene

Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side
The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mountain-columns with which earth props heaven.



DR. ORVILLE DEWEY.

Dr. Orville Dewey, a great Unitarian preacher, was born in Sheffield and spent the closing years of his life there, at his home which he named 'St. David's'. His daughter, Miss Mary E. Dewey, wrote the life of Catharine Sedgwick.

I was born in Sheffield, Mass., on the 28th of March, 1794. My grandparents, Stephen Dewey and Aaron Root, were among the early settlers of the town. . . .

. . . Besides the usual life of a child in the country, . . . I remember nothing till the first event in my early childhood, and that was acting in a play. It was performed in the church, as a part of a school exhibi-

tion. The stage was laid upon the pews, and the audience seated in the gallery. I must have been about five years old then, and I acted the part of a little son. . . . We are apt to think of the Puritan times as all rigor and strictness. And yet here, nearly 60 years ago, was a play acted in the meeting-house: the church turned into a theatre. And I remember my mother's telling me that when she was a girl her father carried her on a pillion to the raising of a church in Pittsfield; and the occasion was celebrated by a ball in the evening. . . .

The next thing that I remember, as an event in my childhood, was the funeral of General Ashley, one of our townsmen, who had served as colonel, I think, in the War of the Revolution. I was then in my sixth year. It was a military funeral; and the procession, for a long distance, filled the wide street. The music, the solemn march, the bier borne in the midst, the crowd!—it seemed to me as if the whole world was at a funeral. . . .

. . . I remember the time when I really feared that if I went out into the fields to walk on Sunday, bears would come down from the mountain and catch me. . . . What mistaken notions of life, of the

world,—the great, gay, garish world, all full of cloud-castles, ships laden with gold, pleasures endless and entrancing! What mistaken impressions about nature; about the material world upon which childhood has alighted, and of which it must necessarily be ignorant; about clouds and storms and tempests; and of the heavens above, sun and moon and stars!

For books to read, the old Sheffield Library was my main resource. It consisted of about two hundred volumes,—books of the good old fashion, well printed, well bound in calf, and well thumbed too. What a treasure was there for me! I thought the mine could never be exhausted. At least, it contained all that I wanted then, and better reading, I think, than that which generally engages our youth nowadays,—the great English classics in prose and verse, Addison and Johnson and Milton and Shakespeare, histories, travels, and a few novels. The most of these books I read, some of them over and over, often by torchlight, sitting on the floor (for we had a rich bed of old pine-knots on the farm); and to this library I owe more than to anything that helped me in my boyhood. . . . I remember the time when there were eminent men in Sheffield. Judge Sedgwick commenced the practice of the law here; and there were Esquire Lee, and John W. Hurlbut, and later, Charles Dewey, and a number of professional men besides, and several others who were not professional, but readers, and could quote Johnson and Pope and Shakespeare; my father himself could repeat the "Essay on Man," and whole books of the "Paradise Lost."—From *"The Autobiography and Letters of Orville Dewey, D. D."*

Richard Watson Gilder, who is the editor of the "Century Magazine" and has written many beautiful poems, has a summer home in Tyringham. The following is one of the poems he has written about Berkshire County.

A RHYME OF TYRINGHAM.

Down in the meadow and up on the height
The breezes are blowing the billows white.
In the elms and maples the robins call,
And the great black crows sail over all

In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley.

The river winds through the trees and the brake
And the meadow-grass like a shining snake;

- And low in the summer and loud in the spring
The rapids and reaches murmur and sing

In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley.

In the shadowy pools the trout are shy,
So creep to the bank and cast the fly!
What thrills and tremors the tense cords stir
When the trout it strikes with a tug and whir

In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley!

At dark of the day the mist spreads white,
 Like a magic lake in the glimmering light;
 Or the winds from the meadow the white mists blow,
 And the fireflies glitter,—a sky below,—

In Tyingham, Tyingham Valley.

And oh, in the windy days of the fall
 The maples and elms are scarlet all,
 And the world that was green is gold and red,
 And with huskings and cider they're late to bed

In Tyingham, Tyingham Valley!

Now squirrel and partridge and hawk and hare
 And wild-cat and woodchuck and fox beware!
 The three days' hunt is waxing warm
 For the count-up dinner at Riverside Farm

In Tyingham, Tyingham Valley.

The meadow ice will be freezing soon.
 And then for a skate by the light of the moon.
 So pile the wood on the hearth, my boy!
 Winter is coming! I wish you joy

By the light of the hearth and the moon, my boy,

In Tyingham, Tyingham Valley!



DORA READ GOODALE.



ELAINE GOODALE.

Elaine and Dora Goodale. —At Sky farm at the North end of Mt. Washington, on the top of the long ascent from Guilder Hollow, lived Elaine and Dora Read Goodale. They are known as the "Sky Farm poets." They began to write poetry when they

were only nine years old, and a few years later they published together a little volume of poems called "Apple Blossoms." "In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers," "All Round the Year," and "Verses from Sky Farm," quickly followed each other. Elaine Goodale obtained a position in a government school for Indians in South Dakota, and was afterwards appointed superintendent of all the Indian schools in that state. She married Dr. Eastman, an Indian, and lived in Minnesota.

A WELCOME TO BERKSHIRE.

From the city's sultry heat,
Ceaseless noise, and tread of feet,
From its close, oppressive air,
Life and turmoil everywhere,
Welcome to the cooling breath
Of the wind, the trees beneath;
Welcome to the earth's large room,
In her fullest summer bloom!
Woodlands deep and cool and green,
Laurels glowing red between;
Bees that hum, and birds that sing,
Fields with daisies whitening;
Fragrance sweet, and music free,
'Tis to these we welcome thee!

'Neath the city's scorching sun,
Each can only think of one;
Here, from all the world apart,
Heart shall closely cling to heart.
Welcome to the hills and glades,
Welcome to the sun and shades,
But to loving hearts and free
Most of all we welcome thee!

Dora Read Goodale.

THE LONGING HOUR.

Old Berkshire—her name makes the gentle tear drops start—
Fond nurse of my childhood, dear home of my heart!
No scene so familiar, no landscape so kind
As to blur that first picture graved deep on the mind,
When fancy ran wild with her riotous brood,
And mystery lurked in the unexplored wood,
When the rill gushed a torrent, the rock towered so high,
And the child world was bounded by mountain and sky!

Youth leaves us—Work beckons—reluctance is vain,
 And the child of the hill-top descends to the plain,
 Yet, no matter how sweetly life's voices are blent,
 There are moments that stir with a vague discontent;
 There are rare, lonely hours when he hears in his dreams
 Her breeze-burdened pines and her free flowing streams;
 When a blessed mirage in the distance he sees—
 Her fair sloping meadows, her many-armed trees!

Then, Beautiful Berkshire, whatever his lot,
 Its hopes, and its cares, and its joys are forgot,
 And the pilgrim, the exile, whoever he be,
 Turns fondly once more to his childhood and thee!

Elaine Goodale Eastman.

In New York City there has been built a "Hall of Fame," in which are to be placed the names of the most famous persons born in this country. Twenty-nine names have been selected. Of these twenty-nine, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was the tenth, Jonathan Edwards was the twelfth, Nathaniel Hawthorne was the sixteenth, Henry Ward Beecher was the twenty-third, and William Ellery Channing was the twenty-seventh.

We have told but in part the tale these Berkshire Hills might unfold had they but tongues. There are others identified with Berkshire deserving place here as worthily as some mentioned. A noble race of men and women have been fostered here. . . . There has been plain living and high thinking in Berkshire. Nature has set this region apart; especially in the past. In isolation, one must *think*, if he works at all; in Berkshire one must *look up* if he looks at all, so high on every hand is the horizon.

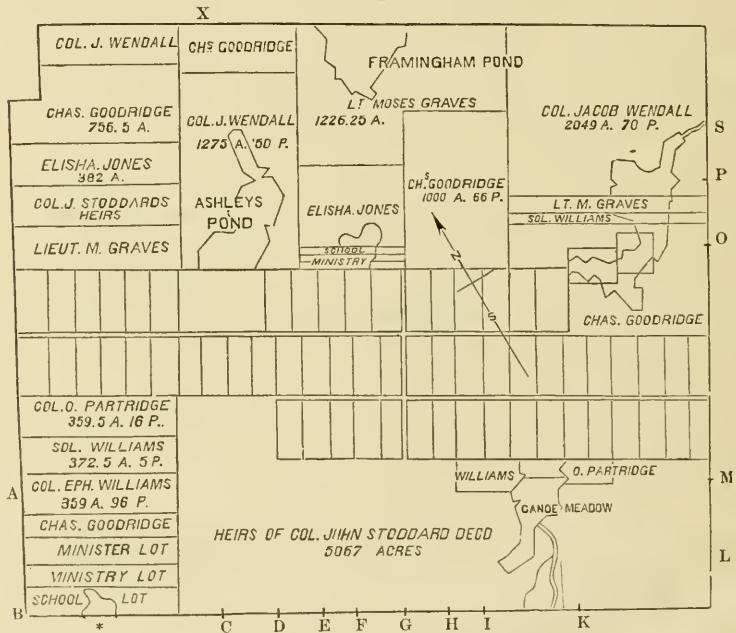
Let him who loves form or who loves color wend his way to Berkshire when the snow drifts over the fences and bows the birches to earth; or in the young spring when the buds are swelling, and the birds arriving; or best of all in the golden autumn, when the country as far as the eye can reach is aflame with scarlet and gold. . . .

. . . At any season, and by night as well as by day, these mountains and, lovelier still, the low-lying hills, appeal to the emotions of the visitor. Whatever is beautiful to the eye of man becomes doubly dear by association; form and color, thus enriched, enter the realm of the ideal. Like beauty of character shining through features already lovely are these Berkshire associations, dealing with men and women of whom our nation and our literature are proud. . . . Berkshire will surely continue in the future to multiply her literary associations.—From "*The Literary Associations of Berkshire*," by James Tucker Cutler, "*New England Magazine*," September, 1893.

X.

HISTORY.

Settlement.—The first settler in what was afterwards called Berkshire County was Obadiah Noble, who came from Westfield in 1725 and settled in what is now the town of Sheffield, bringing his sixteen-year-old daughter the next year to share his new home with him. Soon afterward other settlers came in, and from that time forward the new settlements in Berkshire slowly increased in size and number.

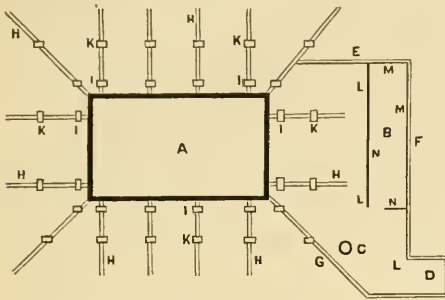


PLAN OF THE TOWNSHIP OF PONTOOSUCK (PITTSFIELD), 1752.

(A, Large Mountain; B, M, Large Brooks; E, P, Small Brooks; C, F, K, Points at bases of Mountains; D, Top of the Mountain; G, Road; H, Stockbridge Road; I, S, River; L, Corner of 9,000 acres; O, Northampton Road; X, Mountain Land from here to the River; *, A Large Pond.)

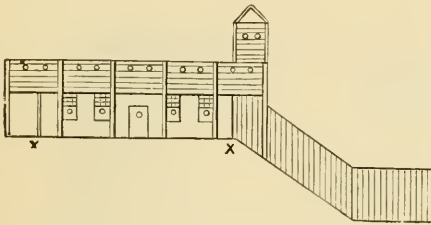
FORT ANSON.

(Built by William Williams, September, 1774.)



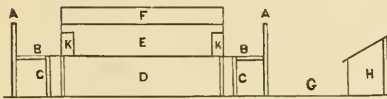
GROUND PLAN.

(A, House; B, Storehouse; C, Well; D, Extension for defending Wall F; E, G, Walls; H, H, Large Sills; I, I, K, K, Large Pillars; L, L, Yard.)



SOUTH VIEW.

(X, X, Ends of the House.)



EAST AND WEST SECTION.

(A, A, Pillars; B, B, Platform, eight feet wide, around the House; C, C, Pillars; D, Lower part of House; E, Soldiers' Lodging-Room; F, Space; G, Yard; H, Store-room; K, K, Doors out of which soldiers might run to protect every part of the House.)

French and Indian

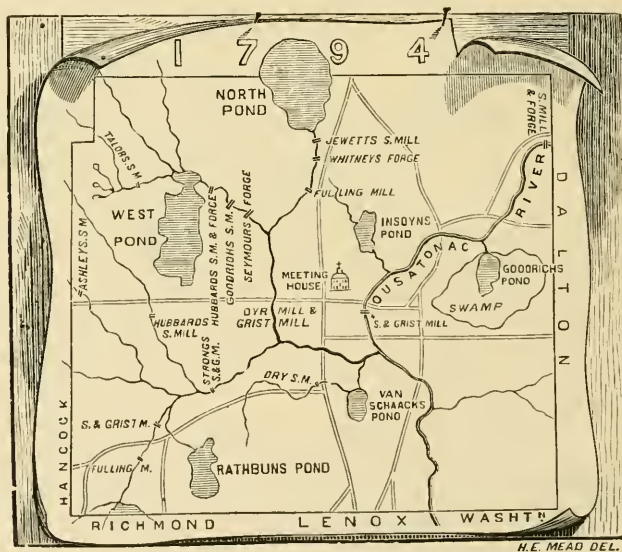
Wars.—Canada then belonged to France and this part of the country belonged to England. Disputes arose between them, and these led to the "French and Indian Wars."

During these wars several forts were built in Berkshire County, among them being Fort Massachusetts in North Adams, and Fort Anson, Fort Fairfield, and Fort Ashley in Pittsfield. Fort Anson was located near where Beaver Street crosses the east branch of the Housatonic River, about on the site of the cobble-stone residence of Mr. Robert Rice. Fort Fairfield was on Holmes Road between the Sampson residence and the Housatonic River. Fort Ashley was southwest of Onota Lake on the hill now occupied by the Daniels residence. In 1746 Fort Massachusetts was surrendered to an army of French and Indians on account of illness among the soldiers and lack of ammunition.

The fort was destroyed and many of the soldiers were made prisoners and taken to Canada. They were kindly treated, but many died on the way. The next year Fort Massachusetts was rebuilt.

Division of Hampshire County.—The old county of Hampshire included the present counties of Franklin, Hampshire, Hampden, and Berkshire. In 1761 it was divided and the western portion took the name of Berkshire County. Since then many changes have been made in Berkshire's eastern and western boundaries. At that time the Dutch, who had settled in what is now New York State, claimed all the land now belonging to Berkshire County west of the Housatonic River. When, in 1787, the present boundary line between the states of Massachusetts and New York was established, a large strip was taken from the western side of Hancock and given to New York.

County Seat.—At first courts were held alternately at Great Barrington, then the shire town, and at Pittsfield. In 1787 Lenox became the shire town of the county, remaining so until 1868, when Pittsfield was made, as it has since remained, the county seat.



MAP OF PITTSFIELD IN 1794.

Pittsfield, then called Poontoosuck, was settled in 1743, in the western and eastern parts of the town. Mrs. Sarah Deming,

the first white woman in Pittsfield, lived in the eastern part of the town and is buried there, a marble monument marking her grave.*

The township of Poontoosuck was called Pittsfield in honor of William Pitt, who had done much for western Massachusetts in the French and Indian War. Its population by the United States Census of 1900 was 21,776.

Opposition to Unjust Taxation.—July 6, 1774, just before the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, the people of the county sent delegates to a convention which met at Stockbridge. At this convention it was voted to advise the inhabitants not to buy tea and other goods that came from England. This was because the mother country, as England was called, had imposed what the colonists considered an unjust tax upon several articles imported into this country from England.

WHEREAS the Parliament of Great Britain have, of late, undertaken to give and grant away our money, without our knowledge or consent; and in order to compel us to a servile submission to the above measures, have proceeded to block up the harbour of Boston; also, have, or are about to vacate the Charter, and repeal certain laws of this Province, heretofore enacted by the General Court, and confirmed to us by the King and his predecessors. Therefore, as a means to obtain a speedy redress of the above grievances, *We do solemnly and in good faith covenant and engage with each other:*

1st. That we will not import, purchase, or consume, or suffer any person for, by, or under us, to import, purchase, or consume, in any manner whatever, any goods, wares, or manufactures, which shall arrive in America from Great Britain, from and after the first day of October next, or such other time as shall be agreed upon by the American Congress; nor any goods which shall be agreed upon by the American Congress; nor any goods which shall be ordered from thence from and after this day, until our Charter and constitutional rights shall be restored; . . . —*“At a Congress of the Deputies of the several towns within*

* The town of Pittsfield has erected a neat obelisk of marble to the memory of Mrs. Deming, in the little burial-ground on Honasada [Elm] Street, near the spot where she fixed her home in 1752. The following inscriptions embody the traditions handed down regarding her:—

South Side.—This monument is erected by the town of Pittsfield to commemorate the heroism and virtues of its first female settler, and the mother of the first white child born within its limits.

North.—Surrounded by tribes of hostile Indians, she defended, in more than one instance, unaided, the lives and property of her family, and was distinguished for the courage and fortitude with which she bore the dangers and privations of a pioneer life.

East.—A mother of the Revolution and a mother in Israel.

West.—Sarah Deming, born in Wethersfield, Conn., Feb., 1726. Died in Pittsfield, Mass., March, 1818, aged 92 years.—*From “History of Pittsfield,” by J. E. A. Smith*

Berkshire County, convened at Stockbridge, on the sixth day of July, 1774."

To the Honorable His Majesty's Justices of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas for the County of Berkshire: The Petition of the inhabitants of the Town of Pittsfield, assembled in town meeting, on Monday, the 15th day of August, 1774,

Humbly sheweth: That whereas two late acts of the British Parliament, for superceding the charter of this Province, and vacating some of the principal and invaluable privileges and franchises therein contained, have passed the Royal assent, and have been published in the Boston papers, that our obedience might be yielded to them;

We view it of the greatest importance to the well being of this Province, that the people of it utterly refuse the least submission to the said acts, and on no consideration to yield obedience to them . . . but resist them to the last extremity.

In order in the safest manner to avoid this threatening calamity, it is in our opinion highly necessary that no business be transacted in the law; but that the courts of justice immediately cease, and the people of this Province fall into a state of nature, until our grievances are fully redressed, by a final repeal of these injurious, oppressive, and unconstitutional acts. We have the pleasure to find that this is the sentiment of the greater part of the people of this province, and we are persuaded that no man that duly understands the state of our public affairs, who has business at the approaching term, but will advise and consent to the same, and willingly undergo personal inconvenience for the public good. We do therefore remonstrate against the holding any courts in this County, until these acts shall be repealed.

During the Revolutionary War Berkshire County furnished her share of soldiers. The battle nearest to Berkshire was that of Bennington, fought August 16, 1777. In that battle there were three Berkshire regiments. Pittsfield's famous "Fighting Parson Allen" was among the Berkshire men at Bennington. When the news of a coming battle at Bennington reached Pittsfield, Parson Allen assembled the men of his congregation in the meeting-house, and, musket in hand, called upon them to go with him and fight for their rights. His call was answered and many Pittsfield men went with him to Bennington. Parson Allen is said to have fired the first shot on the American side in this battle. After the battle of Saratoga, a part of the army of Burgoyne (the defeated British general) was marched thru Pittsfield and several other towns of the county on its way to Boston. This part of the army numbered 2,500 men.

When the County was first settled, and for many years afterwards, the only road from the east, over the Green mountain range, was from blanford, in the County of Hampden, through the south-east part of Otis, the north part of Sandisfield, and through Tyringham to Great Barrington. This was called the great road from Boston to Albany. It was much travelled in the French wars, and in the war of the Revolution. The troops and stores of Major General Amherst went over it to the capture of Ticonderoga. On it the captured army of Burgoyne passed from Saratoga to Boston. He was lodged one night in Tyringham.—*From "A History of the County of Berkshire," written by Gentlemen in the County, 1829.*

. . . When the Declaration of Independence was made public, it was read in the churches. At the reading in Sheffield, a poor negro girl, a slave, was present. She heard it, and said, "It stands to reason that I am free." She sought Mr. Sedgwick, afterwards Judge Sedgwick, then a young lawyer; and he brought a suit to establish her freedom. The court adjudged her to be free. Here was an instance, and the first, where that famous declaration was held to mean what it said. The other incident relates to the fighting parson of Pittsfield, who, when Burgoyne was coming down upon New York and Vermont, marched with the militia of his congregation, and arriving at Bennington just in time to join in the battle, leaped upon a rock, saying to the man behind him, "You load, and I'll fire!" Seeing a flash from a bush in the enemy's lines followed by the fall of one of our men, he aimed at the bush, and, according to his own expression, "put out the flash."—*From Remarks by Hon. David Dudley Field, at Edwards Family Meeting, Stockbridge, September, 1870.*

All day long the rain fell in torrents, and while the Germans began to throw up intrenchments, Stark laid his plans for storming their position on the morrow. During the night a company of Berkshire militia arrived, and with them the excellent Mr. Allen, the warlike parson of Pittsfield, who went up to Stark and said, "Colonel, our Berkshire people have been often called out to no purpose, and if you don't let them fight now they will never turn out again." "Well," said Stark, "Would you have us turn out now, while it is pitch dark and raining buckets?" "No, not just this minute," replied the minister. "Then," said the doughty Stark, "as soon as the Lord shall once more send us sunshine, if I don't give you fighting enough, I'll never ask you to come out again."—*From "The American Revolution," by John Fiske.*

Shays's Rebellion.—After the Revolution the people were taxed to pay the expenses of that war. Many of the people were in debt to one another. There was very little money in the country. The government could not pay the soldiers who had served in the Revolution. At that time people could be imprisoned for debt. Creditors were without mercy and many debtors were kept in prison for years. The government of Massachusetts was trying to im-

prove the condition of things by making proper laws, but the course of law is slow, and the people thought they could not wait.

Preventing Sessions of the Courts.—Meetings were held in many places in western Massachusetts. It was decided to stop the imprisonment of the debtors by preventing the courts from doing business. This was first done at Northampton in Hampshire County in 1782, when a party of men surrounded the court-house and prevented the court from holding its session. The leader was arrested and taken to the Springfield jail, from which he was released by a mob. The leaders of this mob were put into jail and a crowd of men gathered to release them, but the militia was called out and the mob scattered without bloodshed. The conventions, however, continued to be held and courts were several times prevented from holding their sessions. At Great Barrington about 800 men collected, prevented the session of the court, broke open the jail, and released the prisoners.

The Rebellion Organized.—About Christmas in 1786, this disturbance took the form of an organized rebellion under Daniel Shays, a former captain in the Revolution. There were about 400 Berkshire men in his army. General Benjamin Lincoln, a famous Revolutionary general, was given the task of restoring order with a body of about 4000 militia.

Ended in Berkshire County.—January 25, Shays tried to take possession of the Arsenal at Springfield, but his men ran away when the militia fired upon them. They retreated to Petersham in Worcester County, where they met a body of militia. The insurgents were defeated, 150 of them being taken prisoners. After this they retreated to Berkshire. General Lincoln sent two divisions of his army to Pittsfield. February 27, eighty or ninety men from Shays's army entered Stockbridge, robbed the people, and made prisoners of some of the most respectable citizens. From there they went to Great Barrington, then to Sheffield. There they were met and badly defeated by a body of militia. This was the last and most severe encounter of the rebellion.

War of 1812.—When the war between England and the United States broke out in 1812, Pittsfield was the center of the gathering of the troops in Berkshire. It was also used as a place of confinement for British prisoners taken in that war. The cantonment, as the place where the recruits assembled was called, belonged to the United States government. It covered the land since occupied by Maplewood Young Ladies' Institute, St. Joseph's

church and pastor's residence, and also about seven acres east of First Street.

Berkshire Jubilee.—August 22 and 23, 1844, occurred at Pittsfield the "Berkshire Jubilee," a great meeting of the sons and daughters of Berkshire County, who came from various parts of the country to visit their old home, to meet one another, and to renew old associations. The meeting was remarkably successful, and a book was published giving an account of the meeting and containing the sermon, addresses, poems, and speeches delivered on the occasion.

We have often thought, sir,—thought with pride, of our gorgeous hills and valleys, which have been so beautifully celebrated at this time; we have often taken pride in this our home, and in all that is included in the term "Berkshire," and thought that we had scenery unsurpassed in nature. We thought that this occasion would bring bright and loved beings around us—brighter and more loved than whom, could not be found on the face of the earth. But, I doubt not, this pride in the present occupants of Berkshire, has been justly rebuked and deeply humbled. We had no conception of the beauty, the intellect, the character, and the real nobility of nature, which this meeting would call home; and hereafter we shall look back upon this gathering as one of the brightest and most beautiful occasions in our earthly pilgrimage. We have been thinking how we could erect some monument of this Jubilee. In our wisdom, we have spoken of several; but after all, God has been before us, and His mighty hand hath reared the Monument. That Hill from which we came to this pavilion, will hereafter bear the name of "JUBILEE HILL!" and when our heads are laid in the grave, and we have passed away and are forgotten, we hope our children, and our children's children, will walk over that beautiful spot and say, "Here our fathers and mothers celebrated the *Berkshire Jubilee!*" This monument shall stand as long as the footstool of God shall remain.—*From Response of Dr. John Todd, Chairman of the Berkshire County Committee, at the Berkshire Jubilee, 1844.*

The Civil War.—When the Civil War between the North and the South came in 1861, many Berkshire men answered the call for soldiers. One Massachusetts regiment, the 49th, consisted entirely of them. Its well beloved Colonel, afterwards General William F. Bartlett, was severely wounded in the war. After its close he married, lived, died and was buried in Pittsfield.



WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT.

Oh, well may Essex sit forlorn
 Beside her sea-blown shore;
 Her well beloved, her noblest born,
 Is hers in life no more!

No lapse of years can render less
 Her memory's sacred claim;
 No fountain of forgetfulness
 Can wet the lips of Fame.

A grief alike to wound and heal,
 A thought to soothe and pain,
 The sad, sweet pride that mothers feel
 To her must still remain.

Good men and true she has not lacked,
 And brave men yet shall be;
 The perfect flower, the crowning fact,
 Of all her years was he!

As Galahad pure, as Merlin sage,
 What worthier knight was found
 To grace in Arthur's golden age
 The fabled Table Round?

A voice, the battle's trumpet-note,
 To welcome and restore;
 A hand, that all unwilling smote,
 To heal and build once more!

A soul of fire, a tender heart
 Too warm for hate, he knew
 The generous victor's graceful part
 To sheathe the sword he drew.

When Earth, as if on evil dreams,
 Looks back upon her wars,
 And the white light of Christ outstreams
 From the red disk of Mars,

His fame who led the stormy van
 Of battle well may cease,
 But never that which crowns the man
 Whose victory was Peace.

Mourn, Essex, on thy sea-blown shore
 Thy beautiful and brave,
 Whose failing hand the olive bore,
 Whose dying lips forgave!

Let age lament the youthful chief,
 And tender eyes be dim;
 The tears are more of joy than grief
 That fall for one like him!

—By John Greenleaf Whittier.

Among the three-years Massachusetts regiments in which Berkshire County was largely represented were the 10th, 21st, 31st, 34th, and 37th. Henry S. Briggs, son of Governor Briggs, was Colonel of the 10th Massachusetts regiment and was afterwards made a Brigadier General.

Soldiers' Monument.—A monument to the Pittsfield soldiers who died "that the nation might live" was erected in the Park in 1872. The bronze statue of a color-sergeant standing upon the square granite pillar was modeled by Mr. Launt Thompson, a noted

sculptor. The inscriptions have been much admired and are as follows:

On the west face:

FOR THE DEAD
A TRIBUTE

FOR THE LIVING
A MEMORY

FOR POSTERITY
AN EMBLEM
OF LOYALTY TO THE FLAG
OF THEIR COUNTRY

On the east face:

WITH GRATEFUL RECOGNITION
OF THE SERVICES OF ALL HER
SONS
WHO UPHELD THE HONOR AND
INTEGRITY OF OUR BELOVED
COUNTRY
IN HER HOUR OF PERIL
THE TOWN OF
PITTSFIELD
ERECTS THIS MONUMENT IN
LOVING MEMORY OF THOSE
WHO DIED THAT THE
NATION
MIGHT LIVE.

Let us be grateful for Greece two thousand years ago, and thank God that we live in America to-day! The war scattered the glamour of the past and showed us that we, too, live among great virtues, great characters and great men. Through these streets the culture of Greece, the heroism of Rome, the patriotism of our own revolution, have marched before your eyes. These elms, like the trees of Ardennes,* have shed their tears in dew drops over the unreturning brave. The ground upon which we stand is consecrated by the tread of feet gladly going to the noblest sacrifice. And from these throbbing drums and wailing horns, still peals the music to which they marched away. They were your sons, Pittsfield and green Berkshire! They were your comrades, Massachu-

* A famous forest in Southern Belgium and Northeastern France.

setts soldiers! They were the darlings of your homes, tender hearts that hear me! And here in this fair figure of heroic youth, they stand as you will always recall them—the bloom of immortal youth upon their cheeks; the divine hope of youth in their hearts; the perpetual inspiration of youth to every beholder. For this is the American soldier of the Union; the messenger of liberty to the captive and of peace to the nation. This is the perpetual but silent preacher of the gospel of liberty and justice as the only sure foundation of states. "Beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings, that publisheth peace, that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth!"—*From an oration by George William Curtis at the Dedication of the Soldiers' Monument, Pittsfield, September 24, 1872.*

The Berkshire Athenæum was erected about 1875, largely thru the efforts of Mr. Thomas Allen and other public-spirited men who gave time and money that Pittsfield might have a suitable building for a free library. The gate at the entrance to the Pittsfield Cemetery was also the gift of Mr. Allen.



CEMETERY GATEWAY.

Newspapers.—*The Pittsfield Sun* celebrated its 100th anniversary in 1900. *The Eagle* is also a very old newspaper.

Medical College.—One of the noted institutions of Berkshire was the Berkshire Medical College in Pittsfield, founded in 1822 and continued to 1867.

Railroads.—Pittsfield and North Adams owe much of their growth and prosperity to the railroads that connect them with larger cities. Work on the road that connects Pittsfield with Boston and Albany was begun in 1837. The road was opened for use from the east in May, 1841, and was completed in 1842. It was then called

the Western Railroad. The last rail of the North Adams branch was laid at eleven o'clock, October 6, 1846. At half-past eleven the locomotive Greylock with a car attached entered North Adams. The Housatonic Railroad, now the Berkshire Division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, was opened Jan. 1, 1850.

Left Northampton the next morning, between one and two o'clock. . . Sometimes we passed a house, or rumbled through a village, stopping perhaps to arouse some drowsy postmaster, who appeared at the door. . . yawning, received the mail, returned it again, and was yawning when last seen. A few words exchanged among the passengers, as they roused themselves from their half-slumbers, or dreamy, slumber-like abstraction. Meantime dawn broke, our faces became partially visible, the morning air grew colder, and finally cloudy day came on. . . . The road was not the safest in the world; for often the carriage approached within two or three feet of a precipice; but the driver, a merry fellow, lolled on his box, with his feet protruding horizontally, and rattled on at the rate of ten miles an hour. Breakfast between four and five,—newly caught trout, salmon, ham, boiled eggs, and other niceties,—truly excellent. A bunch of pickerel, intended for a tavern-keeper farther on, was carried by the stage-driver. . . .

The highest point of our journey was at Windsor, where we could see leagues around over the mountain, a terribly bare, bleak spot, fit for nothing but sheep, and without shelter of woods. We rattled downward into a warmer region, beholding as we went the sun shining on portions of the landscape, miles ahead of us, while we were yet in chilliness and gloom. It is probable that during a part of the stage the mists around us looked like sky clouds to those in the lower regions. Think of driving a stage-coach through the clouds! Seasonably in the forenoon we arrived at Pittsfield.

Pittsfield is a large village, quite shut in by mountain walls, generally extending like a rampart on all sides of it, but with . . . great hills rising here and there in the outline. The area of the town is level; its houses are handsome, mostly wooden and white; but some are of brick painted deep red, the bricks being not of a healthy, natural color. There are handsome churches, Gothic and others, and a court-house and an academy; the court-house having a marble front. There is a small mall in the center of the town, and in the center of the mall rises an elm of the loftiest and straightest stem that ever I beheld, without a branch or leaf upon it till it has soared seventy or perhaps a hundred feet into the air. The top branches unfortunately have been shattered somehow or other, so that it does not cast a broad shade; probably they were broken by their own ponderous foliage. The central square of Pittsfield presents all the bustle of a thriving village,—the farmers of the vicinity in light wagons, sulkies, or on horseback; stages at the door of the Berkshire

Hotel, under the stoop of which sit or lounge the guests, stage-people, and idlers, observing or assisting in the arrivals and departures. Huge trunks and bandboxes unladed and laded. The courtesy shown to ladies



JOHN CHANDLER WILLIAMS'S HOUSE.*
(Built about 1780.)

in aiding them to alight, in a shower, under umbrellas. The dull looks of passengers, who have driven all night, scarcely brightened by the excitement of arriving at a new place. The stage agent demanding the names of those who are going on,—some to Lebanon Springs, some to Albany. . . . At dinner soup preliminary, in city style. Guests: the court people; Briggs member of Congress, attending a trial here; horse dealers, country squires, store-keepers in the village, etc. My room, a narrow crib overlooking a back court-yard, where a young man and a lad were drawing water for the maid-servants.

Wednesday, July 26. 1838.—Left Pittsfield at about eight o'clock in the Bennington stage, intending to go to Williamstown. Inside passengers,—a new-married couple taking a jaunt.—*From Nathaniel Hawthorne's "American Note-Books."*

* Twenty-three voters—principally those personally interested— . . . requested a town-meeting [1790], and were able to carry a vote to place the meeting-house seven feet further south than had been previously determined.

But for this it was necessary to fell the tall and graceful elm—fairer than any work of man's hand—which had been spared by the first settlers for its conspicuous beauty. . . .

It happened, by a fortunate chance, that, at the close of the Revolution, the handsome mansion . . . had been purchased by John Chandler Williams, a gentleman of culture and refined tastes, who was also blessed by an equally gifted wife.

. . . So intense was the excitement of Mrs. Williams in view of the intended sacrilege, that she appeared upon the scene, and, finding the most passionate entreaties vain, threw herself between the tree and the axe, and at last procured a postponement of the work of destruction until the matter could again be considered by the town.—*From "History of Pittsfield," by J. E. A. Smith.*

The Hoosac Tunnel was begun in 1855. Many times the work was stopped. The first car passed thru February 9, 1875.

North Adams and Adams. —The interests of the two villages of North and South Adams were so separate that in 1878 the town was divided into the two towns of North Adams and Adams, thus making 32 towns in Berkshire County. A State Normal School was opened in North Adams in 1897.

Williams College in Williamstown owes its origin and its name to Colonel Ephraim Williams. He left a part of his estate to found a free school, which was opened in October, 1791. It was changed from a free school to a college in 1793.



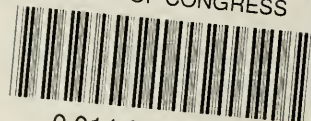
HOPKINS MEMORIAL.
(One of the buildings of Williams College.)

TOWNS AND CITIES	ORIGIN OF NAMES*	SETTLED+	INCORPORATED+	POPULATION 1800
SHEFFIELD	Sheffield, England, or Lord Sheffield.	1725	1723	1,804
EGREMONT	Lord Egremont (Wymond.)	about 1720	1760	1,783
MOUNT WASHINGTON	George Washington.	1723 or '84	1769	122
GREAT BARRINGTON	William, Viscount of Barrington.	about 1720	1761	5,654
ALFORD	Founder of Alfred Professorship of Harvard University.	about 1740	1763	2,212
STOCK BRIDGE	Stockbridge, England, (probably.)	1734-46	1729	2,083
WEST STOCKBRIDGE		1766	1764	1,188
TYRINGHAM	Tyringham, England, country seat of Gov. Bernard.	1739	1762	3,887
NEW MARLBOROUGH	Marble in Middlesex County.	1739	1760	1,282
SANDSFIELD	Samuel Sandys, first Lord of the Plantations and President of Board of Trade.	1730	1762	601
BECKET	Peeke, England.	1765	1765	904
OTIS	Harrison Grey Otis.	1761-60	1773	476
RIGMOND	Duke of Richmond.	1760	1763	679
LENOX	Sir Charles Lenox.	1760	1763	2,942
PITTSFIELD	William Pitt.	1732	1761	21,766
DALTON	William Dalton.	about 1735	1764	3,777
WASHINGTON	George Washington.	1760	1764	2,596
LEE	Gen. Charles Lee.	1760	1767	730
LANESBOROUGH	Duchess of Lanesborough.	1764-69	1663	1,291
CHESHIRE	Cheshire, England.	1767	1763	1,207
NEW ASHFORD	Probably a corruption of Ash Fort, signifying a fort near the celebrated Ash Tree.	about 1762	1801	107
WILLIAMSTOWN	Ephraim Williams.	1751 or '52	1765	5,013
HANCOCK	John Hancock.	1762	1765	451
PERU	Peru, South America.	1764	1771	283
WINDSOR	Windsor, Conn.	about 1767	1771	507
HINSDALE	Rev. Theodore Hinsdale.	about 1767	1804	1,485
ADAMS	Samuel Adams.	1762 or '63	1778	11,184
SAVOY	Savoy, South France.	about 1764	1797	1,506
CLARKSBURG	Clark family, prominent in early settlement.	1767	1798	913
FLORIDA	After the State of Florida, about the time Florida was annexed.	1767	1806	300
MONTGOMERY	Battle of Montevideo. (Settled from Tyringham in 1857.)	1783		455
NORTH ADAMS	(Settled from Adams in 1875.)			21,200

*Prepared by Rev. C. J. Palmer.
†From "A History of the County of Berkshire," written by gentlemen of the county, 1820.



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